

Congreve, William,

The poetical Works

London [ca. 1720]

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Poet.

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Thus to almighty Love I cryd,
When angry thus the god replyd:
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amymata's slave?
Congreve's Vide Petition, Page 66.

*Engraving and Ornament designed by R.W. Batewell
Subject designed by R. Corbould Engraved by J. Chapman for C. Cooke Jan. 1801.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

HOR.

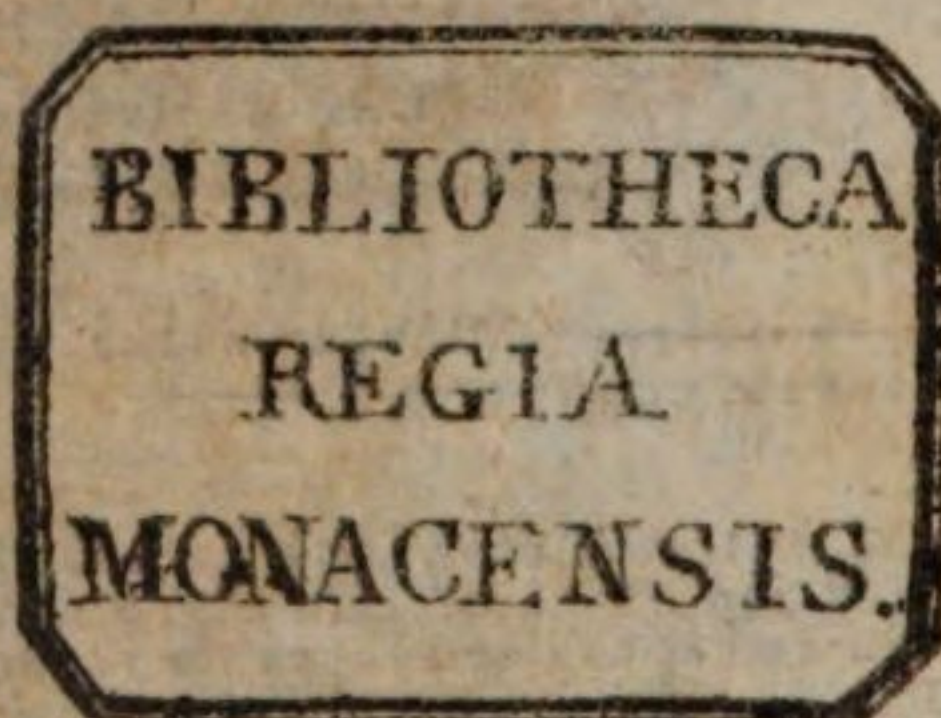
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd.
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne—
Yet this I prophesy, Thou shalt be seen
(Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of Wit; and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear—
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him more. }

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

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And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
IRREGULAR ODES,	EPILOGUES,
PINDARICK ODES,	MISCELLANIES,
PASTORALS,	IMITATIONS,
ELEGIES, SONGS,	TRANSLATIONS,
&c. &c. &c.	

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell
In ev'ry way of writing to excel.
Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow.
Pastora's the complaint of ev'ry swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse,
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life,
You the great act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.
SIR R. STEELE TO CONGREVE.

London :

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, one of the most eminent dramatic writers of this country, was descended from a family in the county of Stafford, which claims a line of ancestry prior to the Norman conquest. He was the second son of Richard Congreve, of Congreve and Stratton, and born, according to the inscription on his monument, in 1672, but the place of his birth is not certainly known, being differently assigned by his biographers; some contending that he was born in Ireland, others that the village of Bardfa, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, was the place of his nativity. But, as this circumstance is of little importance, we pass on to observe, that he received the rudiments of his education at the school of Kilkenny, and was from thence removed to Dublin, his father having some military employment that stationed him in Ireland.

When he had acquired a correct and critical knowledge of the Classics, and the different branches of polite literature, his father thought proper to assign him a profession, and about the time of the Revolution, sent him to study the law, in the Middle Temple, where he resided for several years, but did not make any considerable progress in the knowledge of statutes or reports.

His inclination to literary pursuits soon became predominant, as he very early felt that force of imagination, and possessed that copiousness of sentiment, by which alone intellectual pleasures can be given. His first performance was a Novel, called, *Incognita; or, Love and Duty Reconciled*. It is praised by the biographers, who quote some part of the Preface, which Dr. Johnson acknowledges to be uncommonly judicious for such a time of life, but observes, with his wonted fastidiousness, that he would rather praise it than read it.

Congreve's first dramatic production was the *Old Bachelor*, of which he speaks in his Defence against Collier, in the following terms. "That Comedy was written, as several know, some years before it was acted. When I wrote it I had little thoughts of the stage, but did it to amuse myself, in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. Afterwards, through my indiscretion, it was seen, and in some little time more it was acted; and I, through the remainder of my indiscretion, suffered myself to be drawn in to the prosecution of a difficult and thankless study, and to be involved in a perpetual war with knaves and fools."

Johnson remarks on this declaration of Congreve, that "there seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done every thing by chance. The *Old Bachelor* was written for amusement in the languor of convalescence, yet it is apparently

rently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue, and incessant ambition of wit. The age of the writer considered, it is indeed a wonderful performance, for it was acted in 1693, when the author was not more than twenty-one years old, and was then recommended by Dryden, Southerne, and Maynwaring. Dryden said, he had never seen such a first play; yet, as they found it deficient in some things requisite to the success of its exhibition, they took the pains of adapting it to the stage.

There is a story on record, which Southerne used to relate, of one of Congreve's Comedies, probably this, that, "when the author read it to the actors, he pronounced it so wretchedly that they had almost rejected it; but they were afterwards so well persuaded of its excellence, that for half a year before it was acted, the Manager allowed its author the privilege of the house."

This play was singularly beneficial to Congreve, both in point of fame and profit; it was received on its representation with the highest applause, and read with the greatest avidity when it came from the press, insomuch that it procured him the patronage of the Premier, Lord Halifax, who appointed him one of the Commissioners for Licensing Coaches; and soon after gave him a place in the Pipe Office, and another in the Customs of six hundred pounds a year.

Dr. Johnson, after having remarked, from the extraordinary patronage Congreve obtained, "that his conversation must surely have been equally pleasing with his writings," observes, that, "such a Comedy as the *Old Batchelor*, written at such an age, requires some consideration. As the lighter species of dramatic poetry professes the imitation of common life, of real manners, and daily incidents, it apparently pre-supposes a familiar knowledge of many characters, and exact observations of the passing world; the difficulty, therefore, is to conceive how this knowledge can be obtained by a boy." He solves the difficulty by the following observation, evidently suggested by the former remark.

"If the *Old Batchelor* be more nearly examined, it will be found to be one of those Comedies which may be produced by a mind vigorous and acute, and furnished with comic characters, by the perusal of other authors, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits, or clash of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature. The characters both of the men and women are either fictitious and artificial, as those of *Heartwell* and the Ladies; or easy and common, as *Wittol*, a tame idiot; *Bluff*, a swaggering coward; and *Fondlewife*, a jealous Puritan; and the catastrophe arises from

from a mistake, not very probably produced. Yet this gay Comedy, when all these deductions are made, will still remain the work of a very powerful and fertile mind. The dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant, that it “o’er-informs its tenement.”

The year following our author produced his *Double Dealer*, which did not meet with that degree of applause as was bestowed upon the other; though the characters are well-drawn, the wit genuine, and the plot well laid, and well conducted. He prefixed to it a dedication to his patron, Lord Halifax, in which he defended his piece from the principal objections brought against it, with considerable ability. Dryden, who may be called his Poetical Father, addressed a copy of verses to him on its appearance; and the same compliment was paid him by a contemporary writer. The exhibition of both these Plays was honoured by the presence of Queen Mary; and when she died, soon after, Congreve testified his gratitude, by writing an Elegiac Pastoral, which has been much commended; though it is condemned by Johnson, as “a composition in which all is unnatural, and yet nothing is new.”

In 1695 he produced *Love for Love*, with which the New Theatre in Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields was opened, under the direction of Betterton, the celebrated Tragedian of that day. This Comedy proved so successful that Betterton and the other Proprietors made the author an offer of a share with them in the profits of the theatre, on condition of his furnishing them with a new play every year, which he accepted.

Dr. Johnson affirms, that this Comedy is of nearer alliance to life, and exhibits more real manners, than either of the former. The character of *Forefight*, was then common; Dryden calculated nativities; both Cromwell and King William had their lucky days; and Shaftesbury, himself, though he had no religion, was said to regard predictions. Ben the Sailor, though not accounted a very natural character, is however very pleasant.

His Tragedy of the *The Mourning Bride* appeared in 1697, two years after his Comedy of *Love for Love*. It was received with more applause than any of his former productions, and still continues to be acted and applauded. Dr. Johnson says, “it is so written as to shew the author sufficiently qualified for either kind of dramatic poetry. But except a very few passages, (that critic adds) we are rather amazed with noise, and perplexed with stratagem, than entertained with any true delineation of natural character.

To these strictures the Doctor has subjoined the following passage, highly honourable to Congreve. "But whatever objections may be made to his comic or tragic excellence, they are all lost at once in a blaze of admiration, when it is remembered, that he produced these four plays, before he had passed his twenty fifth year; before other men, even such as are some time to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presumed to hope for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and enquiry. Among all the efforts of early genius, which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature, than the plays of Congreve."—

When our Author had attained to the summit of his reputation, Jeremy Collier published his "*Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*;" in which he censured, with the greatest severity, most of the dramatic writers from Dryden to Dufey.

In the reign of Charles the First, the Puritans had raised a violent clamour against the drama, which they considered as an entertainment not lawful to Christians; and Prynne published a huge volume, called *Histrion Mastix*, in which stage plays were inveighed against with the utmost rigour. The enthusiastic zeal and frantic outrages of the Puritans, in process of time, brought them into general odium; and from the period of the Restoration the poets and players passed unmolested; as to have treated them with contumely and illiberal abuse would then have had the appearance of puritanical malignity.

But Collier, who was a violent Nonjuror, knew that his character would exempt him from all suspicion of attachment to puritanical principles, thought he might attack the drama and its votaries, which Johnson thinks he did from no other motive than religious zeal and honest indignation. "He was, (says the Doctor,) formed for a controvertist; with sufficient learning; with diction vehement and pointed, though often vulgar and incorrect; with unconquerable pertinacity; with wit in the highest degree keen and sarcastic; and with all those powers exalted, and invigorated by a firm confidence of the rectitude of his cause."

"Thus qualified, and thus incited, he walked out to battle; his onset was violent; those passages which, while they stood single, had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited alarm, and an almost general exception was taken against such performances as had, in the smallest degree, an irreligious or immoral tendency."

The

The dramatic writers were now called upon to defend themselves from so furious an attack, and Congreve, a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assuming an air of confidence and security, amongst others, entered the lists, and attempted an answer under a very plain title, "*Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations, &c. from the Old Batchelor, Double Dealer, Love for Love, and Mourning Bride, by the Author of those plays.*" It was addressed to his friend Walter Moyle, Esq. and contained a spirited justification of the greatest part of the passages objected to; but the general tendency of his plays could not be vindicated upon the principles of morality, as in many instances their effect serves to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated for the general interest of society. The stage found other advocates, and the dispute was protracted throughout ten years; but at length, as Johnson expresses it, Comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labour, in the reformation of the Theatre.

The Doctor cites a quotation from Collier, who avails himself of a passage in *Love for Love*, which conduced in our critics opinion, and that in a very essential degree, to obtain the victory over the advocates for the Drama. It is as follows:

Sir Sampson Legend. "Sampson's a very good name,
"for your Sampsons were strong dogs from the begin-
"ning."

Angelina. "Have a care—If you remember, the strongest
"Sampson of your name, pull'd an old house over his head
"at last."

Then comes Collier's pointed Remark. "Here you have
"the Sacred History burlesqued, and Sampson once more
"brought into the house of Dagon to make sport for the Phi-
"listines!"

Congreve's last comedy, *The Way of the World*, was performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1700. Although written, as he hints in his Dedication to the Earl of Montague, with great labour, and much thought, it was received with so little applause, that, disgusted at the Theatre, he determined to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprices of an audience; upon which Dennis very pertinently remarked, that Congreve quitted the stage early, and that Comedy quitted it with him. *The Way of the World*, notwithstanding its failure on its first exhibition, has since been deemed the most perfect, perhaps, of all his Comedies, the language

language being pure, the wit genuine, the characters natural, and the painting highly finished; as such, we have seen it performed with that universal applause it so highly deserves. It is remarked by an Author, as the probable cause of this Comedy's not succeeding on its first appearance, that *The Way of the World* was so just a picture of the world, that the *World could not bear it*.

From this period our Author may be said to have withdrawn from public life, though he afterwards produced many little pieces on various occasions; amongst which were *The Judgment of Paris*, a Masque, performed in 1701; *Semele*, an Opera never performed; *The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas*, an Elegiac Pastoral on the death of the Marquis of Blandford; an Ode to Queen Mary, with several complimentary addresses to his friends and patrons. And he also contributed by his version of the Eleventh Satire of Juvenal to the translation of that great Poet Dryden, and wrote a copy of verses to him on his Translation of Persius.—

In 1710 he published a collection of his Plays and Miscellaneous Poems, with a Dedication to Lord Halifax; but though he lived many years after the publication, he added very little to them; living, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, in literary indolence; engaged in no controversy; contending with no rival; neither soliciting flattery by public commendations, nor provoking enmity by malignant criticism; but passing his time among the great and splendid, in the placid enjoyment of his fame and fortune: indeed it appears that he took little pleasure in writing, as he did not contribute any thing to the Spectator, and only one paper to the Tatler; though published by men with whom, from a similarity of principles and manners, he might be supposed willing to associate.

As he owed his fortune to Lord Halifax he continued always of his patron's party, but without violence or acrimony, and his firmness and abilities were so much revered by the opposite party, that when upon the removal of the Whigs, some intercession was made that Congreve might not be displaced, Harley, Earl of Oxford, then at the head of the Tory party, made this answer.

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.*

At the accession of George I. when his friends returned to power, he was made Secretary for the Island of Jamaica, which with his place in the Customs is said to have afforded him

him twelve hundred pounds a year. He not only possessed a competency in point of fortune; but the esteem of the most exalted characters of his day; so that he seems to have attained to the summit of human happiness.

Dr. Johnson, from the eligible situation in which our Author was then placed, takes occasion to introduce the following anecdote; "But he treated the Muses with ingratitude; for having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and when he received a visit from Voltaire, he disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered not as an Author, but a gentleman, to which the Frenchman replied, "that if he had been only a gentleman he should not have come to visit him."

Though it must be generally admitted, that Congreve evinced a great degree of vanity, and affectation in his reception of Voltaire; yet he is very ingeniously defended by a very respectable writer. "I have often thought, (says Mason in his Memoirs of Gray,) "that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It seldom happens that the vanity of authorship continues to the end of a man's days. It usually soon leaves him where it found him, and if he has not something better to build his self-approbation upon, than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himself ill at ease, if respected wholly on that account.—Mr. Congreve was rather advanced in life, when the young French Poet paid him this visit, and though a man of the world, he might feel that indifference to literary fame, which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philosophical life, certainly felt much earlier. Both of them, therefore, might reasonably at times, express some disgust, if their quiet was obtruded upon by persons who thought they flattered them by such intrusion,"—

Analogous to Mr. Mason's remark, Congreve, in a familiar epistle to Lord Cobham, on *Improving the Present Time*, written but a very short time before his death, describes, with elegance and dignity of sentiment, the studies and amusements of his declining age.

"Come, see thy friend retir'd without regret,
 "Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
 "In easy contemplation soothing time
 "With morals much, and now and then with rhyme,
 "Not so robust in body as in mind,
 "And always undejected, though declin'd.

His studies were in his latter days obstructed by cataracts in his eyes, which at length terminated in total blindness. This melancholy

melancholy condition was aggravated by the gout, for which he sought relief by a journey to Bath; but, being overturned in his chariot, he complained from time to time of a pain in his side, and died at his house in Surrey Street in the Strand, January 29th, 1728-9, in the 57th year of his age. Having lain in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, with the following inscription.

“ William Congreve died January 19, 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place, to whose most valuable memory this monument is set up, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future.”——

He left, after the payment of a few legacies, the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about ten thousand pounds, to the Duchess of Marlborough, a circumstance that has exposed his character to many severe animadversions, as that sum, which to her was superfluous and useless, would have afforded great assistance to many of his relations, who were, at that time, reduced to great difficulties and distresses. This partiality, doubtless, arose from the attachment of the Duchess to him, which appears to have been of a very extravagant nature, for her veneration for his memory approached even to madness.

His plays and poems were collected and printed, not long after his death, in three Volumes, *duo-decimo*. It appears from Mr. Ayscough's Catalogue, that there are preserved in the British Museum several original letters of Congreve's to Mrs. Porter, and a manuscript poem, entitled *Satire against Love*.

From the circle of life in which our Author moved, his manners must have been polite and his conversation pleasing, as he was universally beloved and esteemed by his contemporaries, and could name among his friends every man of his time whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. Every writer mentioned him with respect. Addison testified his regard for him on many occasions; Steele made him the patron of his *Miscellany*. Pope inscribed to him his *Translations of the Iliad*, and Young is lavish in his praise, as appears from the following lines:

“ Congreve, who crown'd with laurels bravely won,
“ Sits smiling at the goal, while others run.”

LOVE OF FAME, Sat. I.

As

As a dramatic writer, Dr. Johnson speaks of him in the following manner: "Congreve has merit of the highest kind; he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue. His characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist in gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured he seldom failed of performing. His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion: his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; the contest of smartness is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor, playing to and fro with alternate coruscations.—His comedies have, therefore, in some degree, the operation of tragedies; they surprise rather than divert, and raise admiration oftner than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination."

Congreve's Miscellaneous Poems have been much praised by some writers; but Dr. Johnson's criticism upon them affords a striking contrast to their indiscriminate applause. In the fastidiousness of his taste he is as usual severe; the justice of his remarks, as expressed in the following lines, is submitted to the opinion of the reader.

"Of his Miscellaneous Poetry, I cannot say any thing favourable. The powers of Congreve seem to leave him when he leaves the stage, as Antæus was no longer strong than he could touch the ground. It cannot be observed without wonder, that a mind so vigorous and fertile in dramatic compositions, should on any other occasion discover nothing but impotence and poverty. He has, in these little pieces, neither elevation of fancy, selection of language, nor skill in versification; yet, if I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry, the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the *Mourning Bride*.

Almeria. It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Almeria. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted isle:
We'll listen——

Leonora. Hark!

Almeria. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile;
Whose ancient pillars rear their marbled heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stediast and immoveable,

Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

“ He who reads these lines, enjoys, for a moment, the powers of a poet ; he feels what he remembers to have felt before ; but he feels it with great increase of sensibility, he recognizes a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty.”

“ Yet, (observes the Doctor,) could the author, who appears to have enjoyed the confidence of Nature, lament the death of Queen Mary in lines like these,”

“ The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
 “ Furrow the brows of all th’ impending hills.
 “ The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
 “ And each with streaming eyes supplies his waning urn.
 “ The Fawns forsake the woods ; the Nymphs the grove,
 “ And round the plain in sad distractions rove ;
 “ In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 “ And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
 “ With their sharp nails, themselves the Satyrs wound,
 “ And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.”

“ And many years after (proceeds the writer) he gave no proof that time had improved his wisdom, or his wit ; for, on the death of the Marquis of Blandford, this was his song.”

“ And now the winds, which had so long been still,
 “ Began the swelling air with sighs to fill :
 “ The water-nymphs, who motionless remain’d
 “ Like images of ice, while she complain’d,
 “ Now loos’d their streams ; as when descending rains
 “ Roll the steep torrents headlong o’er the plains,
 “ The prone creation ; who so long had gaz’d,
 “ Charm’d with her cries, and at her griefs amaz’d,
 “ Began to roar, and howl with horrid yell,
 “ Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell ;
 “ Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 “ And Echo multiplied each mournful sound.”

“ In both these Funeral Poems, (says the Critic,) when he has yelled out many syllables of senseless dolor, he dismisses
 his

his reader with senseless consolation: from the grave of Pastora rises a light that forms a star; and where Amaryllis wept for Amyntas, from every tear sprung up a violet."

"Of his Irregular Poems, that to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, seems to be the best; his Ode for St. Cecilia's day, however, has some lines which Pope had in his mind when he wrote his own."

"His Imitations of Horace are feebly paraphrastical, and the additions which he makes, are of little value. With respect to Translations, the Satire of Juvenal was written early, and may therefore be forgiven, though it have not the massiveness and vigour of the original. In all his versions strength and sprightliness are wanting: his Hymn to Venus, from Homer, is perhaps the best; but his lines are weakened by expletives, and his rhymes are frequently imperfect."

"His petty Poems are seldom worth the cost of criticism. In his Verses on Lady Gethin, the latter part is an imitation of Dryden's Ode on Mrs. Killigrew; and *Doris*, that has been so lavishly flattered by Steele, has, indeed, some lively stanzas, but the expression might be mended; and the most striking part of the character had been already shewn in *Love for Love*. His *Art of Pleasing* is founded on a common but perhaps impracticable principle, and the staleness of the sense is not concealed by any novelty of illustration, or elegance of diction. The tissue of Poetry, from which he seems to have hoped a lasting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it is appended to his plays."

"While Comedy or while Tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read; but, except what relates to the stage, I know not that he has ever written a stanza that is sung, or a couplet that is quoted. The general character of his Miscellanies is, that they shew little wit and little virtue."

"Yet to him it must be confessed, that we are indebted for the correction of a national error, and the cure of our Pindaric madness. He first taught the English writers that Pindar's Odes were regular, and though, certainly, he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of Lyric Poetry, he has shewn us that enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness."——

Such is the criticism of Dr. Johnson upon the works of Congreve, both dramatic and miscellaneous. To the merit of the former he bears honourable testimony, but comments, as we have seen, upon the latter with his usual sarcasm and asperity: They are stamped however with the approbation of men of the first rank, in the class of literature, in proof of which we need only cite the testimony of Mr. Pope, from the
close

close of his Postscript to the Translation of Homer.—His words are—“ Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as the finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer, and one who, I am sure, sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. Congreve and of A POPE.”

Sanctioned by such Authority, no Apology we presume will be necessary for giving the Poetical Productions * of Congreve, a Place in our Collection of the *Works of the most esteemed British Bards*.

* His Plays will be given in the British Theatre, which will form a part of our “Uniform Pocket Library.”

Finis.



EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

TO you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays:

To you she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For now she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre.
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams:
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height;
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well it is your lowest praise
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame which there sev'n states divide.
But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost:
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, tho' your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of Fame,
Tho' your ambition ends in public good,
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood)

Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
 Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.
 How oft' a patriot's best laid schemes we find
 By party cross'd or faction undermin'd!
 If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
 But honours which from verse their source derive,
 Shall both surmount detraction and survive:
 And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
 If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic story tells
 Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
 Till future time the destin'd hero send
 By whom the dire enchantment is to end;
 Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
 Thou great revealer of dark poesy?

Those fullen clouds which have for ages past
 O'er Persius' too long suff'ring Muse been cast,
 Disperse and fly before thy sacred pen,
 And in their room bright tracks of light are seen.
 Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
 The god of music and poetic fires;
 Else whence proceeds this great surprise of light?
 How dawns this day forth from the womb of Night?

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
 Vainly contemning what we did not know:
 So unbelievers impiously despise
 The Sacred Oracles in mysteries.
 Persius before in small esteem was had,
 Unless what to Antiquity is paid;
 But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
 (So far our ignorance our faith misled)
 Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
 To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's face
 For more than its intrinsic worth will pass,
 So your bright image, which we here behold,
 Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
 To you we all this following treasure owe,
 This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old Stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
 Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
 And as before for Persius our esteem
 To his antiquity was paid, not him;
 So now, whatever praise from us is due,
 Belongs not to old Persius, but the new;
 For still obscure, to us no light he gives:
 Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
 Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
 But, thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire
 Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L—Y—'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,
 Thy pencil triumph's o'er the poet's quill:
 If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
 It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft' have I try'd, with unavailing care,
 To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair,
 But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
 And rather show'd how much, than whom, I lov'd;
 But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
 Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart;
 The bright idea both exists and leaves,
 Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives,
 Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
 Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
 Others some faint resemblance may express,
 Which as 'tis drawn by chance we find by guess:
 Thy pictures raise no doubts when brought to view;
 At once they're known, and seem to know us too.

Transcendent Artist! how complete thy skill!
 Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will:
 Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
 For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
 Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
 As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
 And each to other is subservient made,
 Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
 And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my Friend! must do thee right,
 And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
 Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
 Unpaid till the deserver is no more;
 Yet thou in present the best part hast gain'd,
 And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
 Ev'n he who best could judge and best could praise,
 Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays:
 Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
 Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame;
 Unfit I follow where he led the way,
 And court applause by what I seem to pay:
 Myself I praise while I thy praise intend,
 For 'tis some virtue virtue to commend;
 And next to deeds which our own honour raise,
 Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

OF PLEASING.

'TIS strange, dear Temple! how it comes to pass
 That no one man is pleas'd with what he has:
 So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
 That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 Are with their persons and their parts content.
 Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
 He most would be what least he should or can.
 Hence homely faces still are foremost seen,
 And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;

Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whisp'ring his nothing round to all as friends;
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug, with art;
Who nothing has to lose the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays at taxes rails.

Thus man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games:
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws,
Nor mends his manners tho' you hold your nose:
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin:
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face,
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken we like comets err;
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
Men most affect in general to please:
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh:
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind,
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.

If Garth or Blackmore friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live :
 When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill,
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior, write,
 We study 'em with profit and delight ;
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
 All rules of Pleasing in this one unite,
 " Affect not any thing in Nature's spight."
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find ;
 For what ? for ill resembling humankind.
 " None are for being what they are in fault,
 " But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear Friend ! to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the Pleasing art ;
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
 By Nature form'd for love and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are what others but profess.
 I'll not offend you while myself I please ;
 I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise :
 But when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years,
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,
 Not to confess it in the man I love ;
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
 You've won in arms and in your country's cause :
 Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
 But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
 That I presume too much in this Essay.
 How should I show what pleases ? how explain
 A rule to which I never could attain ?
 To this objection I'll make no reply,
 But tell a tale, which after we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once,
 Concern'd to find his only son a dunce,
 Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
 Whose memory, it seems, was very bad,

This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules
 To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
 The careful parent laid the treatise by,
 Till time should make it proper to apply.
 Simon at length the look'd-for age attains.
 To read and profit by his father's pains;
 And now the fire prepares the book t' impart,
 Which was yclep'd Of Memory the Art.
 But ah! how oft' is human care in vain!
 For now he could not find his book again;
 The place where he had laid it he forgot,
 Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now, to apply the story that I tell,
 Which if not true is yet invented well,
 Such is my case; like most of theirs who teach,
 I ill may practice what I well may preach.
 Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
 May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
 The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
 And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
 Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel
 Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
 So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
 And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes:
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art;
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
 Then show us what are bad by what they write.

TO LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

OF IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

SINCEREST critic of my prose or rhyme,
 Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time:
 Say, Cobham! what amuses thy retreat?
 Or stratagems of war or schemes of state?
 Dost thou recal to mind with joy or grief
 Great Marlbro's actions? that immortal chief,
 Whose highest trophy, rais'd in each campaign,
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign.

Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself had'st part?
Or dost thou grieve, indignant, now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory?
To see th' audacious foe, so late subdu'd,
Dispute those terms for which so long they su'd,
As if Britannia now were sunk so low
To beg that peace she wanted to bestow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame,
That England should retract her rightful claim!
Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
On wat'ry columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or dost thou, weary grown, late works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,
But catch the morning-breeze from fragrant meads,
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?
Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
For Nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A person pleasing with a worthy mind;
Not giv'n thee form alone, but means and art
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in address,
While well you think what aptly you express;
With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
A table free, and elegantly neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliss?
What can he want that stands possess'd of this?

What can the fondest wishing mother more,
Of Heav'n attentive for her son implore?
And yet a happiness remains unknown,
Or to Philosophy reveal'd alone;
A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife
Still, think the present day the last of life:
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
Its favours unexpected doubly please.
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come see thy friend retir'd, without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget,
In easy contemplation soothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only vary'd in the dress.
Believe it men, have ever been the same,
And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream.

IRREGULAR ODES.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMURE.

Præfenti tibi maturos largimur honores :
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

HOR. AD AUGUSTUM.

I.

OF arms and war my Muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string :
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before,
And on new wings to heights unknown I soar.
O Pow'r unseen ! by whose resistless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course,
For Fancy wild and pathless ways will chuse,
Which Judgment rarely, or with pain pursues.
Say, sacred Nymph ! whence this great change proceeds ?
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds,
Neglecting flames of love for martial fire ?

II.

William alone my feeble voice can raise ;
What voice so weak that cannot sing his praise ?
The list'ning world each whisper will befriend
That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend :
The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound :
E'en I will in his praise be heard,
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres I will his triumph sing ;
High as the head of Fame ; Fame, whose exalted size
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies :
A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes and ever open ears ;

Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
 Meas'ring the globe, like Time, with constant race;
 Yet shall she stay and bend to William's praise:
 Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays;
 Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

III.

But, lo! a change astonishing my eyes!
 And all around behold new objects rise!
 What forms are these I see? and whence?
 Beings substantial? or does air condense,
 To clothe in visionary shape my various thought?
 Are these by fancy wrought?
 Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense?
 O sacred Poesy! O boundless Power!
 What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds
 explore!
 Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
 What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made
 And flowing brooks, beneath a forest's shade
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
 Stood feeding by, while too fierce bulls prepar'd
 Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to prove
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love;
 Unthought presage of what met next my view!
 For soon the shady scene withdrew;
 And now for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs,
 Behold a town arise bulwark'd with walls and lofty
 tow'rs!
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;
 With eager eyes beholding both from far
 Namure! the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.

Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare;
 For Fortune had with partial hand before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by fate, and wrought by Nature's hands;
 A wond'rous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs that strike the sight with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
 To this what dangers men can add by force or skill,
 (And great is human force and wit in ill)
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side wide gaping engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate,
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse Pow'r appear;
 But British forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William were not

VI.

[there.

But hark the voice of War! behold the storm begin!
 The trumpets' clangor speaks in loud alarms,
 Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din
 Of cannons' burst and rattling clash of arms. [rebound
 Clamours from earth to Heaven, from Heav'n to earth,
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And Echo lost in one continued sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulfs of Tartarus disgorge;
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that
 broke,
 Redd'ning with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder
 sweat,
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage behold where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd!
 With face serene dispensing dread commands,
 Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.

A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,
 And burning balls hiss harmless by;
 For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
 Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
 Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
 Which dire revenge alone has power t' assuage;
 Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
 And now with desp'rate force and fresh attack,
 Thro' obvious deaths resistless way they make;
 Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
 And then ascend: resembling thus (as far
 As race of men inferior may)
 The fam'd gigantic war,
 When those tall sons of Earth did Heav'n aspire,
 (A brave but impious fire!)
 Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,
 To form the high and dreadful scale;
 The gods with horror and amaze look'd down,
 Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
 Mountain on mountain thrown
 With threat'ning hurl that shook th' ethereal firmament!
 Th' attempt did fear in Heav'n create;
 Ev'n Jove desponding sat,
 Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
 And pour'd whole wars on the rebellious brood,
 Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
 O'erwhelm'd those hills by which they thought to rise.
 Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
 And now in godlike William storms with equal force

IX.

[below

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace,
 And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face.
 With daring feet on springing mines they tread
 Of secret sulphur in dire ambush laid,
 Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab'ring earth
 Trembles to give the dread eruptions birth:

Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd,

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from ev'ry voice!
 The skies with acclamations ring!
 Hark, how around the hills rejoice,
 And rocks reflected Iös sing!
 Hautboys, and fifes, and trumpets join'd,
 Heroic harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late tormented air.
 Far is the sound of martial music spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host,
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm survey'd;
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,
 Unmov'd beheld the fortrefs lost;
 William their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
 Such wond'rous charms can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe;
 Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
 Or more heroic was the deed,
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Then was Namure, till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse! from thy too-daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
 For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
 More fit for thee resume thy rural reeds;
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To him who sung the Boyne, or him to whom he sung.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT.

SINGING.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of Death:
 And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
 Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
 Thou busy, idle thing, to heave:
 Stir not a pulse; and led my blood,
 That turbulent unruly flood,
 Be softly staid:
 Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
 Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
 Leave your officious toil and strife;
 For I would hear her voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye lovesick maids and wounded swains,
 And listen to her healing strains.
 A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
 Of sov'reign force to soften cares,
 And this thro' ev'ry ear she can impart,
 (By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
 Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
 And to the tender grief soft Air applies,
 Which warbling mystic sounds
 Cements the bleeding panther's wounds.
 But, ah! beware of clam'rous moan;
 Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan
 Your slighted loves declare;
 Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
 And let all-faucy Praise be dumb.

III.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;
 Methinks I see the midnight god appear;
 In all his downy pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend shade;
 An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
 Whose memory of scound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his throne;
 Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer feet;

A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
 Stol'n from a lover in despair,
 Like a thin mantle serves to wrap
 In fluid folds his visionary shape;
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;
 While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary face and lull his eyes.

IV.

But, hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And silence now is drown'd
 In ecstasy of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
 And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd,
 See how the heav'nly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care
 Descending angels cut the thinnest air!
 Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song:
 Leave your belov'd mansions in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither, fly:
 Your loss of Heav'n nor shall you need to fear;
 While she sings 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd! see how the little cherubs skip!
 While others sit around her mouth, and sip
 Sweet hallelujahs from her lip;
 Those lips where in surprise of bliss they rove;
 For ne'er before did angels taste
 So exquisite a feast
 Of music and of love.
 Prepare, then, ye Immortal Choir!
 Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
 And with her voice in chorus join,
 Her voice which, next to your's, is most divine;
 Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
 Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
 To notes which only she can learn and you can teach;
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd excels,
 Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present happiness,
 Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

PINDARIC ODES.

A PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the victorious progress of

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS,

Under the conduct of the

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

—Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us than a sort of poems, entitled *Pindaric Odes*, pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar; and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant, in our language, one Ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees* brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes; and I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than

* Pausan Boeotic.

the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts: for though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood * and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different Odes, but in each particular ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the Odes of Pindar, which remain to us, are songs of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian games: they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe; † they consisted oftener of three stanzas; the first was called the Strophé, from the version or circular motion of the singers in that stanza from the right hand to the left; the second stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus, the singers in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, ‡ contrary always to their motion in the strophé; the third stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. iv. ode 2. who have applied *numerisq; fertur lege solutis*, to all the odes of Pindar, which there expressly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what or in what manner soever, viz. first whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which break through the bounds prescribed to other odes; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c. or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games; or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

† Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace, L. iv. Ode 1, *mistis carminibus non sine fistula*; and L. iii. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?*

‡ Or from the left to the right; for the scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp. And Alex. ab Alexandro, L. iv. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the chorus, says, *Cursum Auspicati a leva dextrorsum—mox a dextra lavorsum*. But the learned Schmidius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notions of the Ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de carmin. lyric.

stations in singing their odes is not our present business to inquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the strophé and antistrophé they intended to represent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in respect of the *secunda mobilia*; and that by their standing still at the epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence.*

The method observed in the composition of these Odes was therefore as follows: the poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his antistrophé or second stanza, and which accordingly perpetually agreed, whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet; he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him, composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same measure † as often as he should repeat it in the order of his Ode; so that every epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity in respect to itself, as is also every strophé and antistrophé in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus (whom Longinus ‡ reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian say §, that if he could have kept within bounds he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the Ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known,

* Pind. Schol. et Schmid. Ibid.

† Vid. Jul. Scal. poetic. ad. fin. lib. iii. cap. 97.

‡ Longin. de Sub. c. 13.

§ Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. i.

Ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti? * so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him "he did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus," that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a strophé, an antistrophé and an epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof, I mean in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general; but thus much I thought proper to say for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode, or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing in our Odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent; and certainly there may be very good English odes without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas: that I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas, yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the Ode,

* "ΟΤΕ ΤΑ ΤΡΙΑ ΣΤΗΣΙΧΟΡΟΥ ΓΙΝΩΣΚΕΙΣ, de vehementer indoctor et imperito dici solitum, Erasmi. Adag.

and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures. I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance, especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not show itself till it is sought for, and that the seeming easiness of the work first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased: therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them, and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindarick Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, "which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected that something should be said of him at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse: but there is that great difference due to the memory, great parts, and learning, of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindarick Odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those Irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed Poems since, which instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painter's term) been only caricaturas of him; resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having
C here-

heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindarick Ode; and possibly if others who have been under the same mistake would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes, without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied, and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Pausanias* was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his Hymns; notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last strophé of the same ode, which take in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

Qui multa paucis fringere commode
Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, et auris mensq; pura
Omne supervacuum rejectat.

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse!

Calliope! what poet wilt thou chuse
Of Anna's name to sing?

To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,

Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art?

Whom raise sublime on thy ethereal wing,

And consecrate with dew of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid the most aspiring mind

Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,

* Boeotic. page 528.

Striving to rise in vain,
 Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
 To celebrate bright virtue's praise.
 Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,
 May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
 And next Alcides' guardian arm,
 That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
 Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm,
 That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
 When first the vocal shell was found,
 With more than mortal skill
 Inventor Hermes taught to sound;
 Hermes on bright Latona's son,
 By sweet persuasion won,
 The wondrous work bestow'd;
 Latona's son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
 A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of Anna's name.
 The lyre is struck, the sounds I hear,
 O Muse! propitious to my pray'r;
 O well-known sounds! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire and rais'd Mæonian flame!

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone;
 Witness sweet Spenser's lays;
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,
 And Mighty William sing with well-proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta? lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.
 Thy lovely form and fresh-reviving state
 In crystal flood of Thames survey
 Then bless thy better fate,
 Bless Anna's most auspicious sway.
 Whilst distant realms and neighb'ring lands
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On ev'ry side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair Capital of Liberty
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores
 His foaming billows beat;
 So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of Fate.

II.

But greatest souls, though blest with sweet repose,
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes:
 Thus Anna's mighty mind,
 To mercy and soft pity prone,
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
 To wake for common good, and succour humankind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny! no more be known
 Within Europa's blissful bound;
 Far as th' uninhabitable zone
 Fly ev'ry hospitable ground:
 To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
 There with the baleful beldam, Night,
 Unpeopled empire share,
 And rob those lands of legal right:

For now is come the promis'd hour
 When Justice shall have pow'r;
 Justice to earth restored,
 Again Astrea reigns!
 Anna her equal scale maintains,
 And Marlbro' wields her sure-deciding sword,

I.

Now couldst thou soar, my Muse! to sing the man
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
 Her tow'ring pinions spread,
 Thou should of Marlbro' sing, whose hand,
 Unerring from his Queen's command,
 Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
 To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Briton's led.

II.

Nor there thy song should end; though all the Nine
 Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
 To sing that glorious day
 When bold Bavaria led the field,
 And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
 On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay,
 And spoils and trophies won perplex'd the victors' way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
 And with success that song pursue,
 What art could aid thy weary wing
 To keep the victor still in view?
 For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
 Nor sets, but with impartial ray
 To all who want his light
 Alternately transfers the day;
 So in the glorious round of fame
 Great Marlbro'! still the same,
 Incessant runs his course:
 To climes remote and near
 His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
 And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse!
 For, O! what notes, what numbers, couldst thou chuse,
 Though in all numbers skill'd,
 To sing the hero's matchless deed
 Which Belgia fav'd and Brabant freed!
 To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
 Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharsalia's field.

II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun
 Behold the work of many ages done!
 What verse such worth can raise?
 Lustre and life the poet's art
 To middle virtue may impart;
 But deeds sublime, exalted high, like these,
 Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant praise.

III.

Still would the willing Muse aspire,
 With transport still her strains prolong,
 But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
 And admiration stops her song.
 Go on, great Chief! in Anna's cause proceed,
 Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword
 Till Europe thou hast freed,
 And universal peace restor'd.
 This mighty work when thou shalt end,
 Equal rewards attend,
 Of value far above
 Thy trophies and thy spoils:
 Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
 Thy Queen's just favour, and thy country's love.



TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Quenvis media erue turba :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor——
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad cum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præcep
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas. HOR. Lib. i. Sat. 4.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites,
And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites ;
Others insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dang'rous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas and air,
Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore
Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore

II.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries,
Can stop th' invader's force ;
Nor swelling seas, nor threat'ning skies,
Prevent the pirate's course :
Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
Thro' blood or rapine they proceed ;
No anxious thoughts of ill-repute
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit ;
But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great, [hate.
Their fellow-creature's fears they raise, or urge their

III.

But not for these his iv'ry lyre
Will tuneful Phoebus string,
Nor Polyhymnia, crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode sing.

Thy springs, Castalia ! turn their streams aside
 From rapine, avarice, and pride ;
 Nor do thy greens, shady Aonia ! grow
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.
 How just, most mighty Jove ! yet how severe
 Is thy supreme decree,
 That impious men shall joyless hear
 The Muses' harmony !
 Their sacred songs, (the recompense
 Of virtue and of innocence)
 Which pious minds to rapture raise,
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
 To guilty hearts afford no kind relief,
 But add inflaming rage and more afflicting grief.
 Monstrous Typhœus thus new terrors fill,
 He who assail'd the skies,
 And now beneath the burning hill
 Of dreadful Ætna lies ;
 Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
 He bellows in th' abyss profound ;
 Sicilia trembles at his roar,
 Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore,
 While all his hundred mouths at once expire
 Volumes of curling smoke and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds ;
 To heav'nly minds belong
 All pow'r and love, Godolphin ! of good deeds,
 And sense of sacred song ;
 And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
 To them who merit most her praise ;
 Wherefore for thee her iv'ry lyre she strings,
 And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether affairs of most important weight
 Require thy aiding hand,
 And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
 Thy serious thoughts demand ;

Whether thy days and nights are spent
 In cares, on publick good intent ;
 Or whether leifure hours invite
 To manly sports or to refin'd delight ;
 In courts refiding, or to plains retir'd,
 Where gen'rous fteeds conteft, with emulation fir'd :

II.

Thee ftill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
 As once ſhe Theron fung,
 While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
 Olympian Piſa rung :
 Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
 Nor leſs inspir'd by thee her voice.
 And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
 The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;
 Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight [flight.
 The ſwift-heel'd horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid

III.

And ſee ! the air-born racers ſtart,
 Impatient of the rein ;
 Faſter they run than flies the Scythian dart,
 Nor paſſing print the plain !
 The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftness vie,
 In vain their airy pinions ply ;
 So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
 Th' ethereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe ;
 And now, my Muſe ! prepare
 Of olive leaves a twiſted wreath
 To bind the victor's hair.
 Pallas, in care of humankind,
 The fruitful olive firſt design'd ;
 Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
 When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd :
 The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
 And all with one conſent approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
 In bounty to the world,
 To emulate the Blue-ey'd maid,
 And his huge trident hurl'd
 Against the sounding beach ; the stroke
 Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
 The central earth, whence, swift as light,
 Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous sight !
 Neptune for human good the beast ordains, [reins.
 Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear the

III.

Thus gods contended, (noble strife !
 Worthy the heav'nly mind)
 Who most should do to soften anxious life,
 And most endear mankind.
 Thus thou, Godolphin ! dost with Marlbro' strive,
 From whose joint toils we rest derive :
 Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
 Sweet peace at home thy care secures.



PASTORALS.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF
QUEEN MARY.

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.

VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD Alexis ! see this gloomy shade
Which seems alone for Sorrow's shelter made,
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day ;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding flow'r, nor springing green ;
For fragrant myrtle and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here, then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss ;
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEX. Ah ! woe too great ! ah ! theme which far ex-
The lowly lays of humble shepherds' reeds ! [ceeds

O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain,
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse ;
Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse ;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel ;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill)
And with melodious woe the vallies fill ;

The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
 And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat ;
 Each whistling wind and murm'ring stream should tell
 How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MEN. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
 And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
 Yet would not all thy art avail to show
 Verse worthy of her name or of our woe :
 But such true passion in thy face appears,
 In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
 Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
 As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
 Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
 Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express ;
 In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
 And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEX. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
 Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught :
 Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
 Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
 And thou, Thalia ! darling of my breast,
 By whom inspir'd I sung at Comus' feast,
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng
 Have sat and smil'd to hear my chearful song ;
 Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
 My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys :
 Learn to lament, my Muse ! to weep and mourn,
 Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn ;
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air.
 And beat thy snowy breast and rend thy yellow hair :
 Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse,
 Begone, Thalia ! Sorrow is my Muse.

“ I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 “ And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn”

No more these woods shall with her sight be blest'd,
 Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd ;
 No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away ;
 No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,

While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight ;
Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth
To bless the joyous day that gave her birth :
Lost is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her in endless night ;
In endless night, and arms of Death, she lies ;
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.
Lament, ye Nymphs ! and mourn, ye wretched Swains !
Sigh, all ye Winds ! and weep, ye Crystal Floods !
Fade, all ye Flow'rs ! and wither, all ye Woods !
“ I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
“ And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.”

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground ;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsely ye weep, ye Rocks ! and falsely mourn,
For never will you let the nymph return :
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair in face and mind !
Never in Nature were such beauties join'd :
Without all shining, and within all white ;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight ;
Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
And op'ning is with sweetest odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed ;
To which excelling height she bore a mind
Humble as osiers bending to the wind.

Thus excellent she was—

Ah ! wretched fate ! she was, but is no more :
Help me, ye Hills and Vallies ! to deplore.

“ I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
“ And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.”

From that bless'd earth on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise :

Let Myrrha, weeping aromatick gum,
 And everliving laurel, shade her tomb :
 Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
 Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there :
 Thither let Fairies with their train resort,
 Neglect their revels and their midnight sport ;
 Their in unusual wailings waste the night,
 And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
 Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder's bough ;
 Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
 And distant dens receive each howling beast ;
 Let wolves begone, be ravens put to flight,
 With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing ;
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
 And, sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
 That they may help to sing her elegy :
 Let Echo, too, in mimic moan deplore,
 And cry with me, Pastora is no more !

“ I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 “ And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.”

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
 And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air ;
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head ;
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears ;
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills ;
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn.

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove,
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak [ground.
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke;
See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands and beats her breast!
And tears her useless girdle from her waist!
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves!

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast!
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings,
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face;
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All Nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry, with me, Pastora is no more!

"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their woes:
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss,

On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?

To dust must all that Heav'n of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!

Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;

With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.

"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light
With wonder stops my song and strikes my sight,

And where Pastora lies it spreads around,
Showing all-radiant bright the sacred ground,

While from her tomb behold a flame ascends
Of whitest fire, whose flight to Heav'n extends;

On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as light
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light,

Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there a glorious star remains;

"Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
"As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes."

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of
THE LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Hon.

THE LORD GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

Qualis populea morrens Philomela sub umbra

Amislos queritur fetus ———

———miserabile earmen

Integrat, et mœtis late loca quæstibus implet. VIRG. Georg. 4.

'T WAS at the time when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight,

When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
 And warble hymns to hail the dawning day,
 When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
 And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew;

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair!
 Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
 Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,
 To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries,
 And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?

Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
 And dumb distress and new compassion show,
 As taught by her to taste of human woe: }

Nature herself attentive silence kept,

And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept;

The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery course,

And rapid Rivers listen'd at their source;

Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,

Left Repetition should her accents drown;

The very Morning Wind withheld his breeze,

Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees,

As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,

And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid:

No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,

Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;

Her cries alone her anguish could express,

All other mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods!

Inhabitants of these once lov'd abodes;

Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,

Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r:

The loss which you prevented not deplore,

And mourn with me Amyntas, now no more.

Have I not cause, ye cruel Pow'rs! to mourn?

Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?

Tell me, thou Sun! that round the world dost shine,

Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?

Ye Winds! who on your wings sad accents bear,

And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,

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 Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
 Tell me, thou Sun! that round the world dost shine,
 Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
 Ye Winds! who on your wings sad accents bear,
 And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,

Tell me, if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs before?
Tell me, thou Earth! on whose wide-spreading base
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd?
Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
When hoary Winter on thy shrinking head
His icy, cold, depressing hand, has laid,
Hast thou not felt less chilness in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel Earth! my most remorseless foe,
Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
What is 't to me tho' on thy naked head
Eternal Winter should his horror shed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
To me what comfort can the spring afford?
Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies
Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
No; never! never!—Say, then, rigid Earth;
What is to me thy everlasting dearth?
Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
Tho' never tree again should blossom bear,
Tho' never grass should cloath the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be found?
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholesome herb was found nor healing plant,
To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
In vain I search'd the vallies, hills, and plains;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds, distilling deadly dew;
And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry wood!
Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood;

Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed ;
How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave :
For then the air was fill'd with dismal cries,
And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies ;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires, appear'd,
And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard ;
The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frightened streams their wonted channels left,
With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd,
While I, forlorn and desolate, was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope, bereft ;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
For thee, Amyntas ! all these pains were borne,
For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn ;
For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in shades of endless night :
For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me ;
The sun but thankless shines that shows not thee.
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young ?
The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue ?
Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear ?
Or ever early fruit appear so fair ?
Did ever youth so far his years transcend ?
Did ever life so immaturely end ?
For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future praise :
For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove :
But now, ah, dismal change ! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song :
Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie ;
There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die !

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
Excess of grief her falt'ring speech suppress'd :
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made,
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
Of softly-falling rain a silver show'r ;
Her loosely flowing hair, all-radiant bright,
O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light ;
As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
And cast to earth the glories he had worn :
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill ;
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd the streams, as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains :
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell !
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd :
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb,
As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing green.
And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise :
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head ;
From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
mournful hue.



CONJECTURE'S POETRY

Thence on Anytime off as ye shall stoop
 To drop the stalk and take them softly up
 And in your snowy necks then press as you wear
 Heave a soft sigh and drop a tender tear

Side Tears of Anytime Line 165 Page 45

Designed by A. Corbould Engraved by J. Smithwell

Printed by W. Chapman for C. Cooke St. Pauls Church-yard

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids !
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades,
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow :
 Think on Amyntas oft' as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up :
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear !
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave where first they grew.

ELEGIES.

TO CYNTHIA.

WEEPING AND NOT SPEAKING.

WHY are those hours which Heav'n in pity lent,
 To longing love in fruitless sorrow spent ?
 Why sighs my fair ? why does that bosom move
 With any passion stirr'd but rising love ?
 Can Discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest ?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,
 I am no stranger to an aching heart ;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it to give you relief ;
 All love's severest pangs I can endure ;
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure :
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day :
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain :
 Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
 Nay, jealousy——and I have felt despair.
 These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
 For cruel you, when I began to love ;
 Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.

O the dear hour in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And in a kiss you said your heart was mine.
 Thro' each returning year may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
 Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
 Let him collect the day to be more bright,
 Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
 And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve?
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorns and frowns forbid the fire,
 Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
 This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard falling show'r,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these arms think all thy sorrows past;
 Or, what remain think lighter made by me;
 So should I think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
 Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.
 O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
 Speaks, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause which words cannot express?
 Can I not bear a part, or make it less?
 I know not what to think—Am I in fault?
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
 Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
 Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?

Curse on that word, so ready to be spoke,
For thro' my lips unmeant by me it broke.
Oh ! no ; we must not, will not, cannot, part,
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
And racking fears and restless doubts increase ;
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
The hottest hell in which a heart can burn.

TO SLEEP.

O SLEEP ! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds !
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd :
But, oh ! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by Fortune or by Love undone !
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours !
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread
With friendly shade around my restless bed ?
Can no complainings thy compassion move ?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love ?
O no ! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend :
With equal kindness and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms ;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth respire,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But, oh ! what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn'd by thee and haunted by despair !
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull God ! do I of thee complain !
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
I own unjustly I thy sloth upbraid :
For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld,

Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains :
 With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
 For more enduring woes my lays prolong.
 The morning lark to mine accords his note,
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat ;
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his absence and return :
 And all for thee—What had I well-nigh said ?
 Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid !
 No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sounds alone relate their pain,
 And not with voice articulate complain ;
 So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest ;
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest :
 For her, O Sleep ! thy balmy sweets prepare ;
 The peace I lose for her to her transfer.
 Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
 Steal on her brow ; and as those dews attend,
 Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
 So wait thou for her morn ; then gently rise,
 And to the world restore the day break of her eyes.

TO A CANDLE.

THOU watchful Taper ! by whose silent light
 I lonely pass the melancholy night ;
 Thou faithful Witness of my secret pain !
 To whom alone I venture to complain,
 O learn with me my hopeless love to moan :
 Commiserate a life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn :
 Like thine, my joy and suff'ring they display,
 At once are signs of life and symptoms of decay :
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine,

Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire ;
 So mine with conscious shame and equal awe,
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw,
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose.

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

I LOOK'D, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
 And very fain would have been at her ;
 But when I strove most my fond passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try,
 Some way my poor heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Celia ! be kind then ; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.

SONG II.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft' have met,
 They could not always last ;
 And tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG III.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common :
 I always knew (at least believed)
 She was a very woman :
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd ;
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh ! her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard thing ;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
 And what care I one farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind ;
 I take her body, you her mind,
 Who has the better bargain ?

SONG IV. IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I LOVE, and am belov'd again,
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain ;
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
 And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain ;
 I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
 But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,

When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

Ah no ! ah no ! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

“ Then let us beware how far we consent

“ Too soon when we yield too late we repent ;

“ 'Tis ignorance makes men admire ;

“ And granting desire

“ We feed not the fire,

“ But make it more quickly expire.”

SONG V.

I.

CRUEL Amynta! can you see
 A heart thus torn which you betray'd?
 Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
 But thro' your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
 Where I was led by faithless smiles:
 No wretches are so lost as they
 Whom much security beguiles.

SONG VI.

I.

SEE, see she wakes, Sabina wakes!
 And now the sun begins to rise;
 Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
 From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united day they give,
 But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:
 How many by his warmth will live!
 How many will her coldness kill!

SONG VII.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs
 If I but ask the favour,
 And yet the tender fool's in tears
 When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her;
 Would she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.



PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY.

*Upon her Majesty's coming to see The Old Bachelor, after
having seen The Double Dealer.*

BY this repeated act of grace we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty,
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best we'll not presume to tell,
But this we know, our audience will excel;
For never was in Rome nor Athens seen
So fair a circle and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past,
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light,
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still thro' opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow;
But when shot forth then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit which frosts would spare: }
But now new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then like the sun with pleasure she might view
The smiling earth cloath'd by her beams anew:
O'er all the meads should various flow'rs be seen,
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green, }
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

PROLOGUE

TO
PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warriors art,
 For fighting now is thought the weakest part,
 And a good head more useful than a heart. }
 This way of war does our example yield;
 That stage will win which longest keeps the field.
 We mean not battle when we bid defiance,
 But starving one another to compliance.
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
 And those which first are hungry are subdu'd.
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision;
 They conquer who cut off the foe's provision.
 Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,
 Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
 But hold; will not the politicians tell us
 That both our conduct and our foresight fail us,
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus in the dead vacation of the Town?
 To muster up our rhymes without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season?
 Our Author's fears must this false step excuse,
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
 Th' occasion ta'en when critics are away,
 Half-wits and beaus, those rav'nous birds of prey;
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
 Mauling in mild lampoon th' intriguing Bath.
 Thus does our Author his first flight commence;
 Thus against friends at first with foils we fence;
 Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
 (Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
 Then spare the youth; or if you'll damn the play,
 Let him but first have his, then take your day.

PROLOGUE

TO THE
HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUNIOR.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets and for blasted plays.

We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd and overstock'd.
 Our authors, too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be that our plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite asham'd
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christ'nings fall and funerals increase.
 Thus 'tis, and thus 't will be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
 Od's life! you don't know what you do, Sirs, when
 you write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks when try'd,
 'Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
 Ladies, and all, i'faith, now get a stride. }
 Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
 Is grown as common now as knitting knots;
 With the same ease and negligence of thought
 The charming play is writ and fringe is wrought.
 'Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade.
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 't would stop,
 But should they write we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink? }
 A mode, said I! 'tis a disease, I think,
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink;
 For still it spreads till each th' infection takes,
 And seizes ten for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these, }
 Nor should you damn it though it does not please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas:
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
 Yet as a stranger there is something due.
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
 Start not at Rome, for there's no Pop'ry meant:

Though there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
 Hither an off'ring his first-born he sends,
 Whole good or ill success, on you depends:
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.
 There's his last refuge; if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard,
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame:
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear;
 While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Show her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.
 Happy her future days? which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind;
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the Court a faultless fair:
 Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
 And shame to manners an incorrigible Town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
 Such various virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix or which to chuse;
 Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
 One only awes her with superior light:
 From that attempt the conscious Muse retires
 Nor to inimitable worth aspires,
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day;
On that bright star to whose indulgent pow'r
We owe the blessings of the present hour;
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one sacred birth an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we possess
By foreign conquest or domestic peace.

Then, Britain! then thy dawn of bliss begun;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun;
Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed,
And by whose arm the Christian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE

At the opening of the

Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market, with an Italian Pastoral.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHATEVER future fate our house may find,

At present we expect you should be kind;

Inconstancy itself can claim no right

Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.

You must be fix'd a little ere you range;

You must be true till you have time to change.

A week at least; one night is sure too soon,

But we pretend not to a honey-moon.

To novelty we know you can be true,

But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend

With novelty entire you're entertain'd;

For not alone our house and scenes are new,

Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.

Our play itself has something in't uncommon,

Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.

In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing

Of harmself loves, our painted forests ring,

In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.

To sound and show at first we make pretence,
 In time we may regale you with some sense,
 But that, at present, were too great expence.
 We only fear the beaus may think it hard
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd;
 But in good breeding, sure, they'll once excuse
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger Muse.
 The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,
 And to yourselves show your dear selves again;
 Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
 And in bold strokes the vicious Town display.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
 To tempt your favours and regain your hearts.
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
 Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather.
 Your different tastes divides our poet's cares;
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears:
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
 Like Volscius, hip-hop in a single boot.
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books;
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
 Though errant-knight of late no favour find,
 Sure you will be to ladies errant kind.
 To follow fame knights-errant make profession,
 We damsels fly to save our reputation;
 So they their valour show, we our discretion.
 To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go,
 We to those islands where rich husbands grow;
 Tho' they're no monsters we may make them so.
 If they're of English growth they'll bear't with patience
 But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
 Then bless your stars, you happy London Wives!
 Who love at large each day, yet keep your lives;
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.

Death with a husband ne'er had shown such charms,
 Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms :
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding ;
 Poor Soul ! she wanted some of our Town breeding.
 Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse ;
 Their law no Christian liberty allows :
 Alas ! they make a conscience of their vows !
 If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,
 Then damn the Heathen school where she was taught.
 She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

HOR.

DESCEND, celestial Muse ! thy son inspire
 Of thee to sing ; infuse the holy fire.
 Belov'd of gods and men ! thyself disclose ;
 Say from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
 Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace ;
 At once the rivals started to the race ;
 And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
 Or both to all eternity contend ;
 One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague ! these strains are sung,
 For thee my voice is tun'd and speaking lyre is strung ;
 For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
 In thee their various fires united shine,
 Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine !

To thee alone I dare my song commend,
Whose nature can forgive and pow'r defend,
And show by turns the patron and the friend. }

Begin, my Muse! from Jove derive thy song,
The song of right does first to Jove belong;
For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finished work survey'd,
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates;
Then Time had first a name, by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which rip'ning there shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;
For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour:
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame;

Eager they press to see the Sire dismiss,
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep-revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect Fate's universal book;
Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where Nature's bloom presents the Golden Age:
The Golden leaf to Silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines:
Of baser Brass, the next denotes the times,
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes:
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an Iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues;
The first of men, and Lords of earth designed,
Who under him should govern humankind.
Of future heroes there the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent and godlike deeds,
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approved;
When, lo! but thence a narrow space removed,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste;
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd,
And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made;
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land

The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus he many empires past,
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle :
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shows an ill omen'd face ;
The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills ;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name ;
Conscious, she seeks from day to shroud her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose ;
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold ! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which kindling day restores the darken'd skies ;
And see ! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends :
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy Omen ! hail, auspicious sight !
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light ;
For see ! a Prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely ploughs the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia ! rise ; awake, O fairest Isle !
From iron sleep ; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former Age of Gold.
The Fates at length the blisful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run :
Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again the wat'ry world thy rule obey ;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name ;
For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see ! the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate ;
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel
The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes,
His cities tremble and his empire shakes :
His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main ;
A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot thro' with orient light ;
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gave way,
The frantic brethren ravag'd all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound ;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep ;
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head,
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears,
Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, appears ;

The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes ;
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft and still the silver surface glides ;
The zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees ;
'The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight :
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air ;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams :
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil ;
Secure, the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms ;
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn ;
No more the widows' shrieks and orphans' cries
Torment the patient air and pierce the skies ;
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle,
By whose illustrious deeds her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will Virtue's laws maintain,
And, good as great, in awful peace shall reign ;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds ;

The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
 Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
 Th' Eternal paus'd ———
 Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
 Enough he saw besides the coming store:
 Enough the hero had already done,
 And round the wide extent of glory run,
 Nor further now the shining path pursues,
 But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have pow'r?
 Or Time unequally such worth devour?
 Then wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
 Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest,
 Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
 And deathless fame, the due reward, requires?
 Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
 Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
 And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
 He thought, nor doubted once again to chuse,
 But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
 Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
 On whose creation infant Nature smil'd:
 Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
 And youth perpetual in her face appears.
 Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
 With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
 And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
 Nor did the Sire himself his joy disguise,
 But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
 Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
 And thus the God the heav'nly fair bespoke.

“ To thee, immortal Maid! from this bless'd hour,
 “ O'er time and fame I give unbounded pow'r.
 “ Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
 “ Shalt raise, revive, immortalize, the brave.
 “ To thee the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;
 “ To thee the Cæsars their eternal name.
 “ Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
 “ And long as time in sacred verse survive.

“ And yet, O Muse! remains the noblest theme ;
 “ The first of men, mature for endless fame,
 “ Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
 “ Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William’s praise :
 “ On his heroick deeds thy verse shall rise ;
 “ Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies :
 “ Thro’ him thy songs shall more sublime aspire,
 “ And he thro’ them shall deathless fame acquire :
 “ Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
 “ Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows.”

This said, no more remain’d. Th’ ethereal host
 Again impatient crowd the chrystal coast.
 The Father now within his spacious hands
 Encompass’d all the mingled mass of seas and lands,
 And having heav’d aloft the pond’rous sphere,
 He launch’d the world to float in ambient air.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Celia love pretended,
 And nam’d the myrtle bow’r,
 Where Damon long attended
 Beyond the promis’d hour.
 At length impatient growing
 Of anxious expectation,
 His heart with rage o’erflowing,
 He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

“ To all the sex deceitful
 “ A long and last adieu,
 “ Since women prove ungrateful
 “ As oft’ as men prove true.
 “ The pains they cause are many,
 “ And long and hard to bear,
 “ The joys they give (if any)
 “ Few, short, and insincere.”

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Arriv’d with eyes consenting,
 And sparkling inclination.

Like Citherea smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

“ How engaging, how endearing,
 “ Is a lover's pain and care!
 “ And what joy the nymph's appearing
 “ After absence or despair!
 “ Women wise increase desiring,
 “ By contriving kind delays,
 “ And advancing or retiring,
 “ All they mean is more to please.”

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love! said I,
 One dear blessing ere I die;
 Long I've borne excess of pain,
 Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
 When angry, thus the god reply'd:
 Blessings greater none can have,
 Art thou not Amynta's slave?
 Cease, fond Mortal! to implore,
 For Love, Love himself's no more.

ABSENCE.

AH! what pains, what racking thoughts, he proves,
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
 In cruel Absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 And think on hours that will no more return.
 Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of Absence try;
 Save me from Absence, Love! or let me die.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her ev'ry lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquette and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em,
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heav'nly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has ev'ry grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.
Of native blush and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft,
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth, in good repair,
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable enbonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd,
Which like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense
Who want an inclination,
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, thro' her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done ;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will ;
For when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way ;
Whether by Nature taught
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown;
 And stare upon the strange man's face
 As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind;
 For to forget what we bestow
 Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
 For all her favours done;
 From her love flows, as light proceeds,
 Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

A HYMN TO HARMONY.

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

O HARMONY! to thee we sing,
 To thee the grateful tribute bring
 Of sacred verse and sweet resounding lays,
 Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.
 All hail to thee
 All-powerful Harmony!
 Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wond'rous works resigning to thy care;
 Thy planetary orbs thy rule obey,
 And tuneful roll unerring in their way,
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

“All hail to thee

“All-powerful Harmony!”

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony ! with awful sound
 Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
 Explore th' realms of ancient Night,
 And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
 Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
 Then didſt thou, Harmony, give birth
 To this fair form of heav'n and earth ;
 Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
 In myſtic dance began to move
 Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
 A never-ceaſing, never ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

“ Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
 “ And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.”

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs ! firſt could tell
 The mighty charms in Numbers found,
 And didſt to heav'nly minds reveal
 The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
 When firſt Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
 Thou didſt the god inſpire ;
 When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
 To which the Muſes ſung,
 Then firſt the Muſes ſung ; melodious ſtrains Apollo
 And muſic firſt begun by thy auſpicious aid. [play'd,
 Hark, hark ! again Urania ſings ;
 Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings ;
 And ſee ! the liſt'ning deities around
 Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

“ Hark, hark ! again Urania ſings ;
 “ Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings ;
 “ And ſee ! the liſt'ning deities around
 “ Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.”

IV.

Deſcend, Urania ! heav'nly fair !
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair ;

See how, with various woes oppress'd,
 The wretched race of men is worn;
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
 Or by conflicting passions torn.
 Reason in vain employs her aid,
 The furious Will on Fancy waits,
 While Reason, still by hopes or fears betray'd,
 Too late advances or too soon retreats.
 Musick alone with sudden charms can bind
 The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

“ Music alone with sudden charms can bind
 “ The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.”

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred Nine!
 Your instruments and voices join;
 Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
 In ev'ry breast inspire:
 Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
 And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
 Appease the wrathful mind,
 To dire revenge and death inclin'd;
 With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
 And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
 'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease,
 And all is hush'd, and all is peace:
 The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
 By musick lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

“ 'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease,
 “ And all is hush'd, and all is peace:
 “ The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
 “ By music lull'd to pleasing rest.”

VI.

Ah! sweet repose, too soon expiring!
 Ah! foolish Man! new toils requiring!
 Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
 Wakes the world to war and ruin.

See, see! the battle is prepar'd!
 Behold the hero comes!
 Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard,
 And hoarse-resounding drums.
 War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
 The harmony of Peace destroys.

CHORUS.

“ War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
 “ The harmony of Peace destroys.”

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
 Her parting lover mourn;
 She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
 And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights
 Bewailing past delights
 That may no more, no, never more, return.
 O! sooth her cares
 With softest sweetest airs,
 Till victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No, never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

“ Let victory and peace restore
 “ Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 “ Within her folding arms to rest,
 “ Thence never to be parted more,
 “ No, never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania! heav'nly fair!
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere;
 Cecilia comes with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care.
 Cecilia! more than all the Muses skill'd!
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown,

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And, lasting as her name
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

“ Cecilia ! more than all the Muses skill'd !
 “ Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 “ And at her feet lay down
 “ His golden harp and laurel crown.
 “ The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 “ In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 “ In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
 “ Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 “ And, lasting as her name
 “ Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 “ Th' immortal music never dies.”

OCCASIONED ON A

LADY'S

Having writ

VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM.

Which was written in Praise of another Lady.

HARD is the task, and bold the advent'rous flight,
 Of him who dares in praise of Beauty write,
 For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend :
 And he who, praising Beauty, does no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his song ;
 But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
 And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
 His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
 Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE, LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, entitled,

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
 The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament ;

G

And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live;
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
Whence prodigies appear our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails,
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne eternal hymns
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims,
Or some refulgent star informs and guides,
Where she, the bleis'd intelligence, presides,
Is not for us to know who here remain,
For 'twere as impious to enquire as vain;
And all we ought or can, in this dark state,
Is what we have admir'd to imitate.

EPIGRAM,

Written after the decease of

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

Under her Picture playing on a Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so blest'd with skill divine,
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGTON OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
 Father and son together laid,
 Whose living virtues shall remain
 When they and this are quite decay'd.
 What man should be, to ripeness grown,
 And finish'd worth should do or shun,
 At full was in the father shown,
 What youth could promise in the son.
 But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd,
 The perfect fruit and op'ning bud;
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF
 HORACE, LIB. I. ODE IX.

Videt ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me! 'tis cold; how chill the air!
 How naked does the world appear!
 But see (big with the offspring of the North)
 The teeming clouds bring forth;
 A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
 Falls, to new-clothe the world again.
 Behold the mountain-tops around,
 As if with fur of ermins crown'd;

G 2

And,

And, lo ! how by degrees
 The universal mantle hides the trees
 In hoary flakes which downward fly,
 As if it were the autumn of the sky !
 Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
 Like aged limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
 Like a disease thro' all its veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;
 Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair :
 Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;
 Let's drink till our own faces shine,
 Till we like suns appear
 To light and warm the hemisphere.
 Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
 They are with wine incorporate ;
 That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix,
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow ;
 'Tis heav'n's concern ; and let it be
 The care of Heav'n still for me.
 These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
 That is not ours which is to come.
 The present moment's all our store ;
 The next should Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more :
 So all our life is but one instant now.
 Look on each day you've past
 To be a mighty treasure won,
 And lay each moment out in haste ;
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly.
The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,
In Winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy! invites
To revel while you may in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet:
To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes:
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude,
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd:
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.*

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice:
Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race
Which Time himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those limits which prescribe
 A short extent to the most lasting breath;
 And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,
 'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
 One supernumerary gasp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
 Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
 Where piety itself can nought avail.
 The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
 Must all be huddled to the grave
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge to extend his days:
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions and regret to die;
 From the contagion of mortality
 No clime is pure, no air is free;
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend,
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life,
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much lov'd offspring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,

Nought shalt thou save,
Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave :
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expected heir
A joyful mourning wear,
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get :
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold ;
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free ;
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again shall rise,
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That Cardinals shall wish to be his guests,
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.



TRANSLATIONS:

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILLES

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. α.

Beginning at this line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν, Ὀλυμπων

Ἑρμείας : —————

The Argument Introductory.

HECTOR's body, (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles, for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent, and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot, unobserved, through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which, having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

SO spake, the god, and heav'nward took his flight ;

When Priam from his chariot did alight,

Leaving Idæus there, alone he went,

With solemn pace, into Achilles' tent.

Heedless he pass'd thro' various rooms of state,

Until approaching where the hero sat ;

There at a feast the good old Priam found

Jove's best belov'd, with all his chiefs around :

Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,

Automedon and Alcymus ; the rest

At greater distance greater state exprest.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,

And first of all was by Achilles view'd :

About his knees his trembling arms he cast,

And agonizing grasp'd, and held 'em fast ;

Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,

Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes ;

Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost

Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But as a wretch who has a murder done,

And seeking refuge does from justice run,

Ent'ring some house in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on;
So did Achilles gaze, surpriz'd to see
The godlike Priam's royal misery.
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
Till he at length the solemn silence broke,
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

“ Divine Achilles! at your feet behold
“ A prostrate king in wretchedness grown old:
“ Think on your father, and then look on me,
“ His hoary age and helpless person see;
“ So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
“ Such and so many his declining years:
“ Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
“ Could you imagine such his misery!
“ Yet it may come when he shall be oppress'd,
“ And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste;
“ Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
“ Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
“ Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
“ And seek protection where no help is nigh.
“ In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
“ And wish in vain for your delay'd return:
“ Yet that he hears you live is some relief;
“ Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief:
“ It glads his soul to think he once may see
“ His much-lov'd son; would that were granted me!
“ But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
“ Of all my worthy sons how few are left!
“ Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
“ When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast;
“ Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
“ Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
“ Merciless War this devastation wrought,
“ And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
“ Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
“ My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
“ Hector! my darling, and my last defence,
“ Whose life alone their deaths could recompense;

“ And to complete my store of countless woe,
“ Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too !
“ For his sake only hither am I come ;
“ Rich gifts I bring, and wealth an endless sum,
“ All to redeem that fatal prize you won ;
“ A worthless ransom for so brave a son.
“ Fear the just gods, Achilles, and on me
“ With pity look ; think you your father see :
“ Such as I am he is, alone in this,
“ I can no equal have in miseries ;
“ Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
“ Bow'd with such weight as never has been borne ;
“ Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
“ The spring and source of all my sorrows come ;
“ With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
“ And kiss those hands which have my children slain !”
He spake.———

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears ;
That and compassion melt him into tears,
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay,
And there with tears and sighs afresh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
But passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns :
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.



THE LAMENTATIONS
OF
HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,
OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

Ἦώς δὲ προκόμενος ἐκιδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Translation:

PRIAM, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents, then flies to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the saffron Morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day,
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies,
Her father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier,
At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
And thus lamenting thro' the streets she ran:
"Hither, ye wretched Trojans! hither all;
"Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
"If e'er you went with joy to see him come
"Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
"Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
"What once was all your joy now all your misery!"
She spake, and straight the num'rous crowd obey'd,
Nor man nor woman in the city stay'd;
Common consent of grief had made 'em one;
With clam'rous moan to Scæas gate they ran;
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they with loud and fresh lamentings greet,
His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:

In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But, widely wailing, to the chariot flew;
 Then strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
 Aloud they beat their breasts and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of people stopp'd the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day,
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake;
 "Trojans! enough: truce with your sorrows make;
 "Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
 "First let me bear my Hector's body home,
 "Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
 Yielding like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,
 With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
 Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
 Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
 Of universal, mournful harmony:
 When first Andromache her passion broke,
 And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

"O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn
 "Thy early fate and too untimely urn;
 "In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
 "And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
 "Why is my heart thus miserably torn?
 "Why am I thus distress'd? why thus forlorn?
 "Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
 "Why do I live who am of thee bereft?
 "Yet I were blest'd were I alone undone;
 "Alas! my Child! where can an infant run?
 "Unhappy Orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
 "Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs'd!
 "For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
 "Wide Desolation will lay waste this town.
 "Who is there now that can protection give,
 "Since he who was her strength no more doth live?"

" Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
 " Who save her children from the rage of war?
 " For he to all father and husband was,
 " And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
 " Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
 " And bear us captives to their distant home;
 " I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
 " And all alike be pris'ners of the war:
 " 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 " And be to some inhuman lord a slave;
 " Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
 " Or for an only son or father kill'd
 " By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 " And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage:
 " For many fell by his relentless hand,
 " Biting that ground which with their blood was stain'd.
 " Fierce was thy father (O my child!) in war,
 " And never did his foe in battle spare;
 " Thence come these suff'rings which so much have cost,
 " Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
 " I saw him not when in the pangs of death,
 " Nor did my lips receive his latest breath.
 " Why held he not to me his dying hand?
 " And why receiv'd not I his last command?
 " Something he would have said, had I been there,
 " Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
 " For I could never, never, words forget,
 " Which night and day I should with tears repeat."

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.

Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,
 Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
 A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

" Hector! my joy, and to my soul more dear
 " Than all my other num'rous issue were;
 " O my last comfort! and my best lov'd!
 " Thou at whose fall ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,

“ And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
 “ So far thou wert high Heav’n’s peculiar care!
 “ From fierce Achilles’ chains thy corpse was freed;
 “ So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
 “ My other sons, made pris’ners by his hands,
 “ Were sold like slaves, and shipp’d to foreign lands;
 “ Thou, too, were sentenc’d by his barb’rous doom,
 “ And dragg’d, when dead, about Patroclus’ tomb,
 “ His lov’d Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain;
 “ And yet that cruelty was urg’d in vain,
 “ Since all could not restore his life again.
 “ Now fresh and glowing even in death thou art,
 “ And fair as he who fell by Phœbus’ dart.”

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay’d,
 And universal moan again was made;
 When Helen’s lamentation her’s supply’d,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry’d.

HELEN’S LAMENTATION.

“ O Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart,
 “ No brother there had half so large a part!
 “ Not less than twenty years are now pass’d o’er
 “ Since first I landed on the Trojan shore,
 “ Since I with godlike Paris fled from home,
 “ (Would I had dy’d before that day had come!)
 “ In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
 “ I ne’er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
 “ Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 “ Which I too often have from others borne:
 “ But you from their reproach still set me free,
 “ And kindly have reprov’d their cruelty;
 “ If by my sisters or the queen revil’d,
 “ (For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
 “ Your kindness still has all my grief beguil’d.
 “ Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
 “ Who had no friend alive but you alone:
 “ All will reproach me now where’er I pass,
 “ And fly with horror from my hated face.”
 This said, she wept, and the vast throng was mov’d,
 And with a gen’ral sigh her grief approv’d;

When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.

“ Cease your lamentings, Trojans! for a while,
“ And fell down trees to build a fun’ral pile;
“ Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
“ For with Achilles twelve days’ truce I made.”

He spake, and all obey’d as with one mind;
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join’d;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days’ space was in that labour spent;
The tenth a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all with weeping eyes
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn’d;
But when the rosy Morn with day return’d,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench’d the remaining flame.
His brothers then, and friends, search’d every where,
And gath’ring up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o’er ’em; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were interr’d,
Then o’er his grave a monument they rear’d.
Mean-time strong guards were plac’d and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam’s court;
There they refresh’d their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the fun’ral with a solemn feast.

HOMER’S
HYMN TO VENUS:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

TO THE READER

OF THE ENSUING HYMN.

OF the three greater hymns of Homer, viz. one to
Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to

Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which, without a commentary, could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to acquiesce in the translation of this Hymn, though I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into English verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some grammarians, who have denied, or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itself cannot really lose any thing of its value, though it should appear, upon a strict inquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author as him to whom it was first imputed; but all truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of the least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation, yet if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way thro' bad judgments purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the inquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy from the beginning of it the beginning of his own admirable poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a

famous repeater of Homer's verses*. To obviate which supposition we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides, in the third book of his history, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes, that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within four hundred years of Homer†, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power, and wisdom, as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of Strabo‡, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as authority against him, part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was. In one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself "The blind
" man of rocky Chios§" Casaubon's note is as follows: *In Hymno Apollonis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετῶν contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.*

Now, whether it be more reasonable, by the example of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate historian that ever wrote, or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and suggestions of scholiasts and grammarians, I leave to the determination of each impartial reader.

* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors, (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer, in aftertimes were collected and put in order. They were called Homeristæ, or Homeridæ: of whom see Aelian. Var. Hist. L. 13, c. 14. Athenæ. L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo, L. 14. Pindar Nem. ode 2. Cælius Rodig. L. 7. c. 29.

† Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

‡ Strab. lib. 1. p. 30.

§ The original says—"The blind man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in highest esteem to all posterity:" which indeed only proves that he dwelt there, not that he was born there.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS:

SING, Muse! the force and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire;
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn race of men to love:
The wilder herds and rav'nous beasts of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway:
Thro' pathless air and boundless ocean's space
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race:
Whole Nature on her sole support depends,
And far as life exists her care extends.

Of all the num'rous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love;
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brails to arm, and form the fenceful shield;
She first taught modest maids in early bloom
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies;
She loves with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the Morn,
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear, [deer:
To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland
Sometimes of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads;
And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves society where Virtue reigns

The third celestial pow'r averse to love
Is Virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove,
Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd,
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd;
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath

A virgin life inviolate to lead ;
 She swore, and Jove assenting, bow'd his head.
 But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd.
 High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice ;
 For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
 And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid ;
 So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom love and Cytherea's arts displease :
 Of other beings none in earth or skies
 Her force resists or influence denies.
 With ease her charms the Thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with love th' almighty Mind :
 Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
 Submits her, and owns her superior sway ;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauty by her pow'r,
 He oft' descends his creatures to adore ;
 While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes
 Some well-dissembled shape the god belies ;
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
 And beauty first among the ethereal race,
 Whom all transcending in superior worth
 Wise Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth,
 And Jove, by never erring counsel sway'd,
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing Queen herself with love inspir'd ;
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man,
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love,
 And not insultingly the gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side :
 Thus Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed,

Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen.
To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
Where ent'ring quick, the shining gates she barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair:
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
And all adown ambrosial odour sheds:
Last in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat:
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet:
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight;
For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love all single out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Mean-time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her Anchises was alone retir'd,
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains:
In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound,
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress a huntress of the wood;
For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To see a nymph so bright and so attir'd;

For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd :
 Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held ;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast :
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
 A thrilling joy he felt and pleasing pain.
 At length he spake—"All hail, celestial Fair !
 " Who humbly dost to visit earth repair :
 " Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
 " Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
 " All hail ! all honour shall to thee be paid ;
 " Or art thou Themis* ? or the Blue-ey'd maid† ?
 " Or art thou fairest of the Graces Three,
 " Who with the gods share immortality ?
 " Or else some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 " These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods ?
 " Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field
 " I to thy honour will an altar build,
 " Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare ;
 " O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r !
 " Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
 " A patriot worthy of my country's love ;
 " Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 " Bless'd in my children and posterity ;
 " Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 " And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."

He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd.
 " Delight of humankind, thy sex's pride !
 " Honour'd Anchises ! you behold in me
 " No goddesses bless'd with immortality,
 " But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 " Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
 " Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 " And all her towns and fortresses commands.

* Themis, the Goddess of Equity and Right.

† Blue-eyed maid, Pallas.

“ When yet an infant I to Troy was brought ;
“ There was I nurs’d, and there your language taught ;
“ Then wonder not if, thus instructed young,
“ I like my own can speak the Trojan tongue.
“ In me one of Diana’s nymphs behold ;
“ Why thus arriv’d I shall the cause unfold.
“ As late our sports we practis’d on the plain,
“ I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia’s train,
“ Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown’d,
“ And by admiring crowds encompass’d round,
“ Lo ! hov’ring o’er my head I saw the god
“ Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod ;
“ Sudden he seiz’d, then bore me from their sight,
“ Cutting thro’ liquid air his rapid flight.
“ O’er many states and peopled towns we past
“ O’er hills and vallies, and o’er deserts waste ;
“ O’er barren moors and o’er unwholesome fens,
“ And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens :
“ Thro’ all which pathless way our speed was such,
“ We stopp’d not once the face of earth to touch.
“ Mean-time he told me, while thro’ air we fled,
“ That Jove ordain’d I should Anchises wed,
“ And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
“ This said, and pointing to me your abode,
“ To heav’n again up-soar’d the swift-wing’d god.
“ Thus of necessity to you I come,
“ Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
“ But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
“ By all that’s dear to you, by all you love,
“ By your good parents (for no bad could e’er
“ Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair)
“ That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
“ But let me hence an untouch’d maid depart ;
“ Inviolat and guiltless of your bed,
“ Let me be to your house and mother led :
“ Me to your father and your brothers show,
“ And our alliance first let them allow :
“ Let me be known, and my condition own’d,
“ And no unequal match I may be found.

“ Equality to them my birth may claim,
“ Worthy a daughter’s or a sister’s name,
“ Tho’ for your wife of too inferiour fame.
“ Next let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
“ To tell my father of my fortunes past,
“ And ease my mother in that anxious state
“ Of doubts and fears which cares for me create.
“ They in return shall presents bring from thence
“ Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense:
“ You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac’d,
“ In price and beauty far above the rest.
“ This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
“ Grateful to men below and gods above.”

She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,

Which to his heart insinuate desires:

Resistless love invading thus his breast,

The panting youth the smiling queen address.

“ Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
“ And Otreus you report your father’s name,
“ And since the immortal Hermes from above,
“ To execute the dread commands of Jove,
“ Your wondrous beauties hither has convey’d,
“ A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead;
“ Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow’r
“ One minute to defer the happy hour;
“ This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
“ Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms:
“ Tho’ Phœbus, arm’d with his unerring dart,
“ Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
“ Tho’ death, tho’ hell, in consequence attend,
“ Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch’d her beauteous hand;

The goddess smil’d, nor did th’ attempt withstand,

But fix’d her eyes upon the hero’s bed,

Where soft and filken coverlets were spread,

And over all a counterpane was plac’d,

Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,

Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil,

And still remain’d the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside,
Her bracelets next, and braided hair, unty'd ;
And now his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waist ;
Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The Queen of Love the youth thus disarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
Anchises now, (so Jove and Fate ordain'd)
The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd ;
And mortal he was like th' immortals blest'd,
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning led
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed,
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound
The wary goddess her Anchises bound ;
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself, appears :
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
Confess'd the goddess, Love's and Beauty's queen.

Then thus aloud she calls. " Anchises ! wake ;
" Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake ;
" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came ;
" Behold me well—say if I seem the same."

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed Anchises woke ;
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes,
Aw'd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide :
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the Queen address'd.

" When first, O Goddess ! I thy form beheld,
" Whose charms so far humanity excell'd,

“ To thy celestial pow’r my vows I paid,
 “ And with humility implor’d thy aid;
 “ But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
 “ Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
 “ But now I beg thee, by the filial love
 “ Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
 “ Compassion on my human state to show,
 “ Nor let me lead a life infirm below;
 “ Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 “ Nor let me share of men the common fate;
 “ Since never man with length of days was blest’d
 “ Who in delights of love a deity possess’d.”

To him Jove’s beauteous daughter thus reply’d;
 “ Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
 “ Nor me nor other gods thou need’st to fear,
 “ For thou to all the heav’nly race art dear.
 “ Know from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
 “ Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
 “ From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
 “ And whose posterity shall know no end:
 “ To him thou shalt the name Æneas * give,
 “ As one for whose conception I must grieve,
 “ Oft’ as I think he to exist began
 “ From my conjunction with a mortal man.

“ But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 “ To a superior race of men gives birth,
 “ Producing heroes of th’ ethereal kind,
 “ And next resembling gods in form and mind.
 “ From thence great Jove to azure skies convey’d,
 “ To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede,
 “ Where by th’ immortals honour’d, (strange to see!)
 “ The youth enjoys a blest’d eternity:
 “ In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
 “ And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
 “ Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
 “ Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne,

* Æneas, signifying one who causeth grief. By this passage it should seem as if the etymologists had erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil’s Epic Poem, have derived his name from *αἰνέω*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be derived from *ἀνία*, grief, or *ἀνῖαω*, to affect with grief

“ Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
 “ Dispatch’d Argicides * to his relief;
 “ And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
 “ He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
 “ Whose feet outstripp’d in speed the rapid wind,
 “ Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
 “ The youth’s advancement to a heav’nly state,
 “ Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
 “ Which age can ne’er decay nor death destroy.
 “ Now when this embassy the king receives,
 “ No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
 “ The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
 “ And with delight his swift-heel’d steeds he drives.
 “ But when the golden-thron’d Aurora made
 “ Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
 “ (Tithonus, too, was of the Trojan line,
 “ Resembling gods in face and form divine)
 “ For him she straight the Thunderer address’d,
 “ That with perpetual life he might be bless’d;
 “ Jove heard her pray’r, and granted her request.
 “ But, ah! how rash was she! how indiscreet!
 “ The most material blessing to omit;
 “ Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide
 “ That length of days might be with strength supply’d,
 “ And to her lover’s endless life engage
 “ An endless youth, incapable of age.
 “ But hear what fate befel this heav’nly fair,
 “ In gold enthron’d, the brightest child of Air:
 “ Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess’d,
 “ Is by Aurora with delight caress’d;
 “ Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 “ Beyond the verge of earth, and oceans’ utmost tides.
 “ But when she saw gray hairs begin to spread,
 “ Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 “ The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 “ His arms declin’d, and from his bed withdrew;
 “ Yet still a kind of nursing care she show’d,
 “ And food ambrosial and rich cloaths bestow’d;

* The slayer of Argus. Mercury, so called, from having slain Argus.

" But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 " And ev'ry nerve was shrunk and limb was lame,
 " Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
 " Of youth, of vigour, and of voice, bereft.*
 " On terms like these I never can desire
 " Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.

" Couldst thou, indeed, as now thou art remain,
 " Thy strength thy beauty, and thy youth, retain;
 " Could thou for ever thus my husband prove,
 " I might live happy in thy endless love,
 " Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day
 " When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay;
 " But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
 " Beneath the woes which painful age attend,
 " Inexorable age! whose wretched state
 " All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

" Now know, I also must my portion share,
 " And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear:
 " For I, who heretofore in chains of love
 " Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 " And force 'em by my all-subduing charms
 " To sigh and languish in a woman's arms,
 " Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 " Nor tax with weakness the celestial host,
 " Since I myself this dear amends have made,
 " And am at last by my own arts betray'd.
 " Erring like them with appetite deprav'd,
 " This hour by thee I have a son conceiv'd,
 " Whom hid beneath my zone I must conceal,
 " Till time his being and my shame reveal.

" Him shall the nymphs, who these fair woods adorn,
 " In their deep bosoms nurse as soon as born:
 " They nor of mortal nor immortal seed
 " Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed,
 " And long they live,† and oft' in chorus join
 " With gods and goddesses in dance divine.

* Tithonus was feigned at length to have been turned into a grasshopper.

† Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades; the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the complete life of a man at ninety six years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as

" These the Sileni * court ; these Hermes loves,
 " And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
 " Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 " From common parent Earth's prolific juice :
 " With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 " Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they grow ;
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease, they share.
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 " And therefore by the axe are never fell'd ;
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;
 " The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 " And last the boughs it sheds no longer green :
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 " And live and die coeval with their trees.
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son,
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.
 " More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 " I will again to visit thee descend,
 " Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 " Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight :
 " Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 " And will that with him thou to Troy repair ;

a crow ; a raven three times as long as a deer ; the Phoenix ten times as long as a raven ; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the Phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees : therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood ; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees. The Scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2. relates the following story, cited from Charon Lampfacenus. " A young man, called Ræcus, observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleased. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promised, and, according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy : but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him. This reception of her ambassador so enraged the nymph, that in revenge she rendered him impotent." This story is also cited in part by Nat. Com. See Ovid. Metam. l. 8. of the fate of Erichthon for cutting down one of these animated trees.

* The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pausanias reports in Attic. p. 41.

“ There if enquiry shall be made, to know
 “ To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe,
 “ Be sure thou nothing of the truth detect,
 “ But ready answer make as I direct:
 “ Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 “ And Calycopis call his mother’s name:
 “ For, shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
 “ That thou in bliss had Cytherea known,
 “ Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 “ And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 “ Now all is told thee, and just caution giv’n;
 “ Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of Heav’n.”

She said, and sudden soar’d above his sight,
 Cutting thro’ liquid air her heav’nward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee first I praise,
 Then to some other pow’r transfer my lays.

OVID’S ART OF LOVE. BOOK III.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE.

Wherein he recommends Rules and Instructions to the Fair Sex in the Conduct of their Amours, after having already composed Two Books for the Use of Men upon the same Subject.

THE men are arm’d, and for the fight prepare,
 And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
 Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
 And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
 Man were ignoble, when thus arm’d, to show
 Unequal force against a naked foe:
 No glory from such conquest can be gain’d,
 And odds are always by the brave disdain’d.

But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your mind?
 Would you increase the craft of womankind?
 Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
 Instruct a snake to bite or wolf to prey
 But sure too hard a censure they pursue,
 Who charge on all the failings of a few.
 Examine first impartially each fair,
 Then as she merits or condemn or spare.

If Menelaus and the king of men
With justice of their sister-wives complain;
If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death,
Penelope was loyal still and chaste,
Tho' twenty years her lord in absence past.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd
Who, tho' in bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
To share her husband's fate untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
"Receive me, Capaneus!" Evadne cry'd,
"Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide;
"To join thy ashes pleas'd I shall expire."
She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
Both female in her name and in her dress:
No wonder, then, if to her sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But these exalted souls exceed the reach
Of that soft art which I pretend to teach,
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little sail.
Of sportful loves I sing, and show what ways
The willing nymph must use her blifs to raise,
And how to captivate the man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's dart:
Man has a breast robust, and more secure;
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft' are false; and if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creüsa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus! did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.

Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell:
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day.
She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea;
Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn.
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza! was unfaithful found;
To thee, forlorn, and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs! shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.
Love of itself too quickly will expire,
But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said; "What have poor women done?
" Why is that weak defenceless sex expos'd,
" On ev'ry side by men well-arm'd enclos'd?
" Twice are the men instructed by thy Muse,
" Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
" The bard who injur'd Helen in his song
" Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
" And you, if on my favour you depend,
" The cause of women while you live defend."
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
She gave me, (for a myrtle wreath she wore)
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend ye Nymphs! by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth and beauty's prime
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite
Enjoy the seasonable sweet delight;
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide,
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:

Think not hereafter will the loss repay,
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time when on that wither'd thorn
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing Morn;
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
 And see how leafless now, and how decay'd;
And you, who now the lovesick youth reject,
Will prove in age what pains attend neglect;
None then will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake to strew your street with morning flow'rs:
Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer then may rust in peace.

Alas! how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
And what avails it tho' the fair one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns, may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past,
But no receipt can humankind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which ungather'd on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair:
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia! scorn the Latmian swain,
Nor thou, Aurora! Cephalus disdain:
The Paphian Queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since,
Witness Harmonia and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, Mortals' from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love;
Refuse not those delights which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.

False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would to light a torch their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they lose that's worthy to retain?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail;
Now lanch'd to sea we ask a brisker gale.
And first we treat of dress. The well dress'd vine
Produce plumpest grapes and richest wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Sev'n lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This Capitol with that of old compare,
Some other Jove you'd think was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where Senates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw;
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite:
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought;

Nor for that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
But that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry or brocade appear;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
The hair dispos'd may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or misbecome the face.
What suits your features of your glass inquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair,
Left upward comb'd the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Should show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either shoulder one her locks displays,
Adorn'd like Phoebus when he sings his lays:
Another all her tresses ties behind:
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some,
Others the binding fillets more become.
Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
Others the loose and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the sev'ral Dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are whom to slight all care,
And with a pleasant negligence ensnare;
Whole mornings oft' in such a dress are spent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iöle was grac'd
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd:
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.
Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost like autumnal leaves when north winds rage.

Women with juice of herbs grey locks disguise,
And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove tours they wear their own are thought,
But only are their own as what they've bought:
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drest,
And chuse at public shops what suits 'em best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly must in such expense appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear?
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view;
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the seagreen wave the cast display;
With this the Naiads their bright forms array:
And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows:
In this of amethysts the purple glows,
And that more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
Give patterns which employ the mimic looms:
Nor almond nor the chesnut dye disclaim,
Nor others which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
Try every one, what best becomes you wear,
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best;
In black the lovely fair Briseis drest:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of two pow'rful smells,
Which sometimes health or kindly heat expels;
Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.

Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Myfian spring,
Yet let me warn you that thro' no neglect
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how with red lost colour to repair;
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be ashamed who tries
By art to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair;
In that the nymphs by time or chance annoy'd,
May see what pains to please'em I've employ'd:
But still beware that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.
Who would not take offence to see a face
All daub'd and dripping with the melting grease?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unsav'ry scent is still the same.
Marrow of stags nor your pomatums try.
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things when done afford delight,
Which yet while doing may offend the sight.
Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless mass.
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which now a perfect Venus shows to view.
While we suppose your sleep repairs your face,
Lock'd from observers in some secret place,
Add the last hand before yourselves you show;
Your need of art why should your lover know?
For many things when most conceal'd are best,
And few of strict inquiry bear the test,
Those figures which in theatres are seen
Gilded without are common wood within;

But no spectators are allow'd to pry
Till all is finish'd which allures the eye.

Yet I must own it oft' affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.
But let her look that she with care avoid
All fretful humours while she's so employed;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen that her maid assails,
And scratches with her bodkin or her nails,
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room,
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once surpris'd,
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,
A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead,
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd
For first rate beauties of the finish'd kind;
Not to a Semele or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms:
Thee to regain well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won:
What lover and what husband would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely and some fair
But of the former sort the larger share.

The handsome least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person or your face correct,
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,
Lest when she stands she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick wrought stuffs her clothes should chuse,
And fuller made than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;
If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.
A leg too lank tight garters still must wear:
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders bolster'd will appear the least;
And lacing strait confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you whose breath is touch'd this caution take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound:
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh or spoils a face or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes;
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep both when and how they please.
Others thro' affectation lisp, and find
In imperfection charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.

Too masculine a motion shocks the sight,
 But female grace allures with strange delight.
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;
 Swell'd with the wanton wind they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion flow.
 Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
 Between extremes in this a mean adjust,
 Nor show too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy-white your neck, you still should wear
 That and the shoulder of the left arm bare:
 Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
 Can ships when under sail with songs detain;
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
 Singing insinuates: learn, all ye Maids!
 Oft' when a face forbids a voice persuades,
 Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
 Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.
 Well shall she sing of whom I make my choice,
 And with her lute accompany her voice.
 The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen staid,
 When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
 Even Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd;
 And stones officious were thy walls to raise,
 O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lays;
 The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
 And was, Arion! by thy songs inspir'd,

Of sweet Callimachus thy works rehearse,
 And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.
 Terentian plays may much the mind improve,
 But softest Sappho best instructs to love.
 Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus, read,
 And let Naronian verse to these succeed:
 Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse,
 Of all the Latian bards the noblest Muse:

Even I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these :
My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.

Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice and lover's heart.

Tender Epistles, too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine !
Such thine, Apollo ! and Lyæus ! thine.

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught ;
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well ;
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful sometimes most divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use ;
Parties begun at play may love produce.
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play ;
Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage, appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears ;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While loosing gamesters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast ;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep, at last.
Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please !
Soft recreations fit the female-kind ;
Nature for men has rougher sports design'd ;
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear,
To stop or turn the steed in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams,

Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd and fit he should repair
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
 To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady groves
 Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves;
 Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
 And made Augustus' victory complete:
 Or seek those shades where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name;
 Or where Agrippa first ador'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.
 To Isis' fane, to theatres, resort,
 And in the Circus see the noble sport:
 In ev'ry public place by turns be shown;
 In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.
 Should you in singing Thamyras transcend,
 Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
 Had not Appelles drawn the seaborne queen,
 Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd write only for a name,
 And think their labours well repaid with fame.

In former days I own the poets were
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
 And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
 And next his own the poet's statue plac'd:
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
 Still there's a pleasure that proceeds from praise.
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?

What could have been of Danaë's charms assur'd,
 Had she grown old within her tow'r immur'd?
 This as a rule let ev'ry nymph pursue,
 That 'tis her int'rest oft' to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
 In hopes thro' many to make sure of one:

So let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one at least she may prevail.
In ev'ry place to please be all her thought;
Where sometimes least we think the fish is caught:
Sometimes all day we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd,
And look you fly with speed a fop profess'd;
Such tools to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that unsteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.

Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.

Believe me; all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many with base designs will passion feign,
Who know no love but sordid love of gain;
But let not powder'd heads nor essenc'd hair
Your well believing easy hearts insnare.
Rich cloaths are oft' by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn:
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy and best attire.

Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets,
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus! hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
Some so notorious are, their very name
Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid:
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid!
Who has so oft' th' attesting gods betray'd;
And thou, Demophoon! heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made keep well your word ;
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse! check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent to sound your heart,
Let all such letters by a faithful maid
Or confidant be secretly convey'd :
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require ;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire :
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.
Now let his hopes, now let his fears, increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases when you write ;
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd !
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose ;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd !
Such treachery can never be surpast,
For those discov'ries sure as lightning blast.
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid ;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write ?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain;
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind ;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my Muse ! prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear,
Let no rude passions in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the finest face :
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek, she flung it quick aside,
“ Nor is thy music so much worth,” she cry'd.
Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess you scarce yourselves can know :
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate !
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles, be paid,
And when your lover bows incline your head :
So love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms ;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms :
Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move ;
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who in bewailing Troy wastes all the night :
Had they not both borne children (to be plain)
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.

I no idea in my mind can frame
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
My Life! my Soul! or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain,
Or fear small things by greater to explain?
Observe what conduct prudent gen'rals use,
And how their sev'ral officers they chuse:
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit.
So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
And as you find 'em qualify'd direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send,
The lawyer should in courts your cause defend:
We who write verse with verse alone should bribe;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe:
By us your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west Lycoris' praises ring,
Nor are Corinna's silent whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere.
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins! to the poet's pray'r;
The god that fills him, and the Muse, revere;
Something divine is in us, and from Heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.

'Tis sin a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act:
Yet hide, howe'er, you avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with diff'rent force
A new-back'd courser and a well-train'd horse,
Do you by diff'rent management engage
The man in years and youth of greener age.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
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Nor are Corinna's silent whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere.
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins! to the poet's pray'r;
The god that fills him, and the Muse, revere;
Something divine is in us, and from Heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.

'Tis sin a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act:
Yet hide, howe'er, you avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with diff'rent force
A new-back'd courser and a well-train'd horse,
Do you by diff'rent management engage
The man in years and youth of greener age.

This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone;
 With kind careſſes oft' indulge the boy,
 And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
 Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
 "Nor love nor empire can a rival bear."
 Men more diſcreetly love when more mature,
 And many things which youth diſdains endure;
 No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
 Nor tear their own or miſtreſſes' attire.
 In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent;
 But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent:
 As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
 They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
 More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
 Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
 How ſurely to enſlave ourſelves we ſhow.
 To truſt a traitor you'll no ſcruple make,
 Who is a traitor only for your ſake.

Who yields too ſoon will ſoon her lover loſe;
 Would you retain him long, then long reſuſe:
 Oft' at your door make him for entrance wait,
 There let him lie, and threaten and entreat,
 When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore
 Ships by fair winds are ſometimes run aſhore,
 Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
 The huſband when he pleaſes has his wife.
 Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
 "Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny;"
 The very huſband, ſo repulſ'd, will find
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
 I now ſharp weapons for the ſex provide,
 Nor doubt againſt myſelf to ſee 'em try'd.

When firſt a lover you deſign to charm,
 Beware leſt jealousies his ſoul alarm;
 Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
 That he, and only he's, the happy man.
 Anon by due degrees ſmall doubts create,
 And let him fear ſome rival's better fate;

Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, suspicious may revive :
I own when mine's secure 'tis scarce alive :
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs,
Let us at most suspect, nor prove, our wrongs.
Sometimes your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door :
Tho' free as Thais, still affect a fright ;
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft' let the youth in thro' your window steal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well ;
And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere ;
Left, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law ;
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper I am sure denies.
For such fair nymphs these Precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write ?
Or can his caution against such provide,
Which in her breast your confidant may hide ?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?
Yet these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And writing on her skin your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen ;

Fair will the paper show, nor can be read
Till all the writings' with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was with all his care betray'd,
And in his tow'r of brass a grandfire made.

Can spies avail when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybelle's, whose rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes with wine your watchful foll'wer treat;
When drunk you may with ease his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign:
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And after competent delays be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd,
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
With presents fools and wise alike are caught;
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companions truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth:
The very confidant that lends the bed
May entertain your lover in your stead:

Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But whether do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art;
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid;
To what we wish 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay:
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love:
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
“How can I let this poor fond creature die!”
But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires;
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, besure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear:
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale:
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows,
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade:
There rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine:
There tamarisks with thick leav'd box are found,
And cytissus and garden pines abound,

While thro' the boughs soft winds of zephyr pass,
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass :
 Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd,
 And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
 "Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
 But some talebearing too officious friend,
 By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd,
 Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
 Repeating word for word what she had heard.
 Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
 With jealousy surpris'd and fainting fears,
 Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
 And agonies, like death, supply'd the place ;
 Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
 When first the vine the winter's blast receives !
 Of ripen'd quinces such the yellow hue,
 Or when unripe we cornel berries view.
 Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
 Now all dishevell'd to the wood she flies,
 With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes :
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
 And all alone the shady hill ascends.
 What folly, Procris ! o'er thy mind prevail'd ?
 What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd ?
 Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon thy heart repents its rash designs,
 And now to go and now to stay inclines.
 Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
 And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find :
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears ;
 But more than all excessive love deceives,
 Which all it fears too easily believes.

And now a chillness run thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun ;

With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare,
And heard him soon th' accustom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr! Aura! come, allay this heat."
Soon as she found her error from the word,
Her colour and her temper were restor'd:
With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms,
But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms;
Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
And strait his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy youth!—I call in vain;
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
"Me, me," she cries, "thou'lt wounded with thy dart!"
"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart:
"Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
"Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die.
"Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
"Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And wash'd with streaming tears the wound he made;
At length the springs of life their currents leave,
And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,
Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the first invited to a feast;
Rather come last, as a more grateful guest;
For that of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.
Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
From candle-light no small advantage find.
During the time you eat observe some grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands belmear your face:
Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And still before your belly's full forbear.

No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own I think of wine the mod'rate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been allies:
But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep;
For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
Which tho' you loath you have no pow'r to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph, from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed:
But modesty forbids; nor more my Muse
With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues;
Her purple swans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus with impartial care my art I show,
And equal arms on either sex bestow;
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid must own their master is in love.

SATIRE XI. OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery, but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him, and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages, to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the bye touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend, advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasure for the future.

IF noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but state:

But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good,
Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice,
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made;
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.

Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles, where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such whose sole blifs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live:
And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack ev'ry element for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price:
If brought from far it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives,
Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears:
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of's ancestors
If wrought in gold, or if, expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.

Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger soon, and want he feels ;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length to serve
 Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a plenteous feast,
 The question is, at whose expense 'tis drest ?
 In great Ventidius we the bounty prize,
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.

Strange ignorance ! that the same man who knows
 How far yond' mount above this molehill shows,
 Should not perceive a difference as great
 Between small incomes and a vast estate !
 From heav'n to mortals, sure that rule was sent,
 Of "Know thyself," and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Thro' all the various courses which we steer.
 Therites, tho' the most presumpt'ous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak,
 When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't,
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence
 For harmony of words and force of sense :
 Fools only make attempts beyond their skill ;
 A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury,
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice
 To which necessity confines thy price.
 Well may they fear some miserable end
 Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend,
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
 Both land and stock, int'rest and principal :
 Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
 Who sold his very ring to purchase meat ;
 And tho' a knight 'mongst common slaves now stands,
 Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.

Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villainy which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which never meaning to restore, they spend :
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run ;
For of late years 't is no more scandal grown
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching heat
From crowds, and noise, and bus'ness, to retreat.
One only grief such fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
The plays and loose diversions of the place,
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That, out of count'nance, Virtue's fled from earth ;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live :
If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormondize.
Evander's feast reviv'd to-day thoult see ;
The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Mean-time I send you now your bill of fare ;
Be not surpris'd that it's all homely cheer ;
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm, the tend'rest kid,
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat :
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass ; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country maid :

The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest;
Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a-year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mix'd with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter from the cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator;
When the good Curius thought it no disguise
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress,
And from his little garden cull'd a feast
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste:
For scarce a slave but has to dinner now
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat
On birthdays, festivals, or day of state,
A salt dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh meat 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd; and 'twas highly priz'd
If ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen
But those who had at least thrice Consul been,
Or the Dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now, from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y'have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast,
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
And Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay;
Our Censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n Pow'r itself of Justice stood in awe;
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought;

Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expense might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field,
If cups of silver or of gold he brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trapping straight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid;
The Roman Wolf suckling the Twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver but in arms was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone:
No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heav'n unwearied then, did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god;
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod,
And would have still been bounteous as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol, Gold.
His golden statutes hence the god have driv'n,
For well he knows where our devotion's giv'n;
'Tis gold we worship, tho' we pray to Heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave,
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:

Something's amiss, he knows not what to think ;
Either your ven'son's rank or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich'd pedestals of ivory,
He finds no more of that offensive smell ;
The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me ;
Riot agrees not with frugality :
Then that unfashionable man am I ;
With me they'd starve for want of ivory,
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables or chess-board,
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve, nor is there ever left
Any unfav'ry haut-gout from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state :
No sew'rs nor dext'rous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught,
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air,
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern ;
While all the neighb'rhood are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver and my Ganymede ;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful panders taught ;

Only to me two homebred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have drest 'em both to wait on thee:
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face;
Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy:
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain:
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art;
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart:
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the same vines beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd,
Where sprightly females to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love:
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded Lust springs forward with this spur:
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded Love:
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathings to desire:

But she who by her sex's charter must
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded and with naked thighs,
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
 But this becomes not me nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great.
 Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which or to see or hear the lewdest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation would refuse.
 But fortune there extenuates the crime;
 What's vice in me is only mirth in him:
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
 T' afford pleasures of another kind:
 Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
 And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read,
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill tone they're sung;
 Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.
 From thoughts of debt or any worldly ill
 Be free; be all uneasy passions still.
 What tho' thy wife do with the morning light
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
 Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
 And having quench'd her flame come breathless home,
 Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;

With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire,
Whilst you are forc'd to wink and seem content,
Swelling with passion which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night alarms,
You must seem fond and doting on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery with the servants' theft,
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen:
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat,
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away!
"The green have won the honour of the day."

Oh! should these sports be but one year forborne,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear;
On festivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;

But that continu'd would a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a week together live,
 For frequent use would the delight exclude;
 Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursu'd.

PARAPHRASE

UPON

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.

Mater sævâ Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,
 With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
 And wanton ease, conspires
 To make my heart its peace resign,
 And re-admit Love's long rejected fires.
 For beauteous Glycera I burn,
 The flames so long repell'd with double force return:
 Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
 Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;
 Her very coyness warms,
 And with a grateful fullness she charms;
 Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;
 My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins;
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns;
 Cyprus no more with her abode is blest;
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
 Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high import;
 And what's of high import but love?
 Vervain and gums, and the green turf, prepare;
 With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
 After our sacrifice and prayer
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

Finiſ.

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